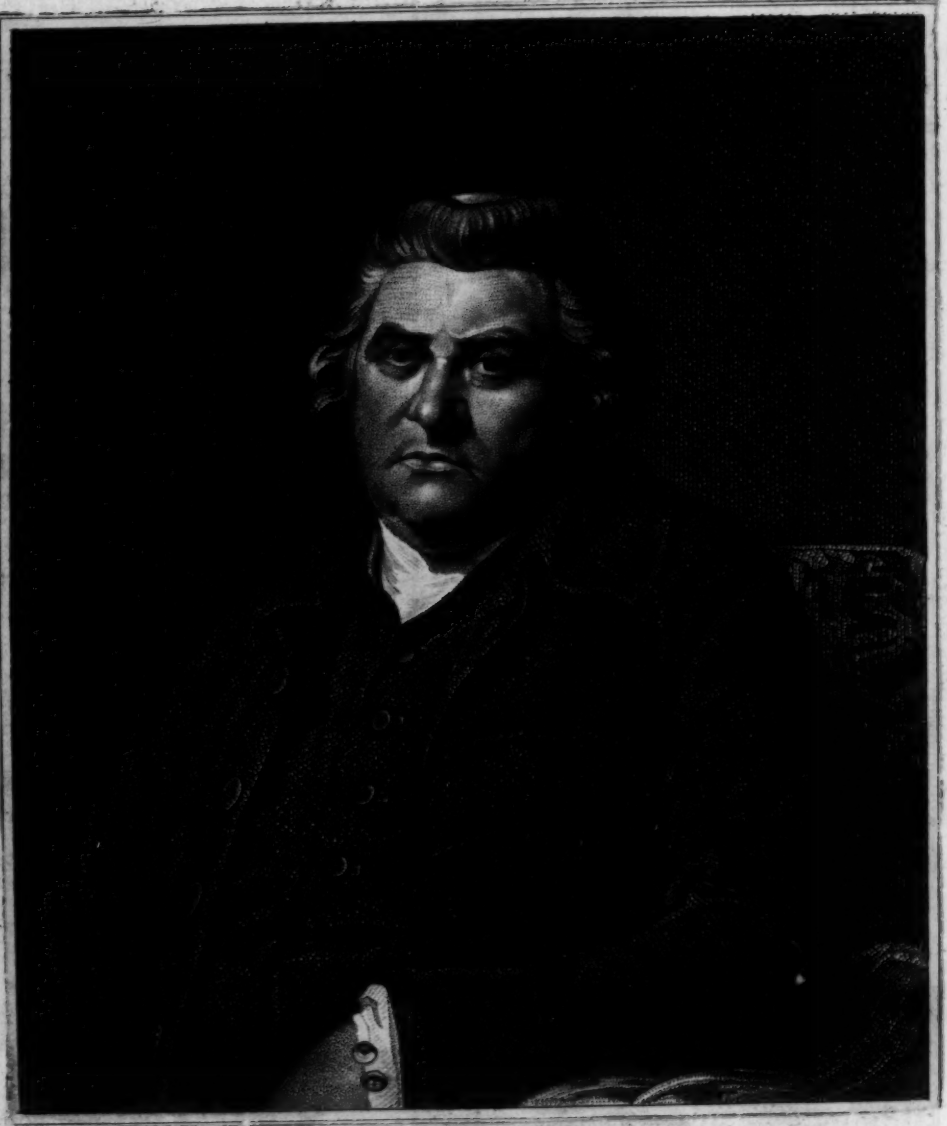
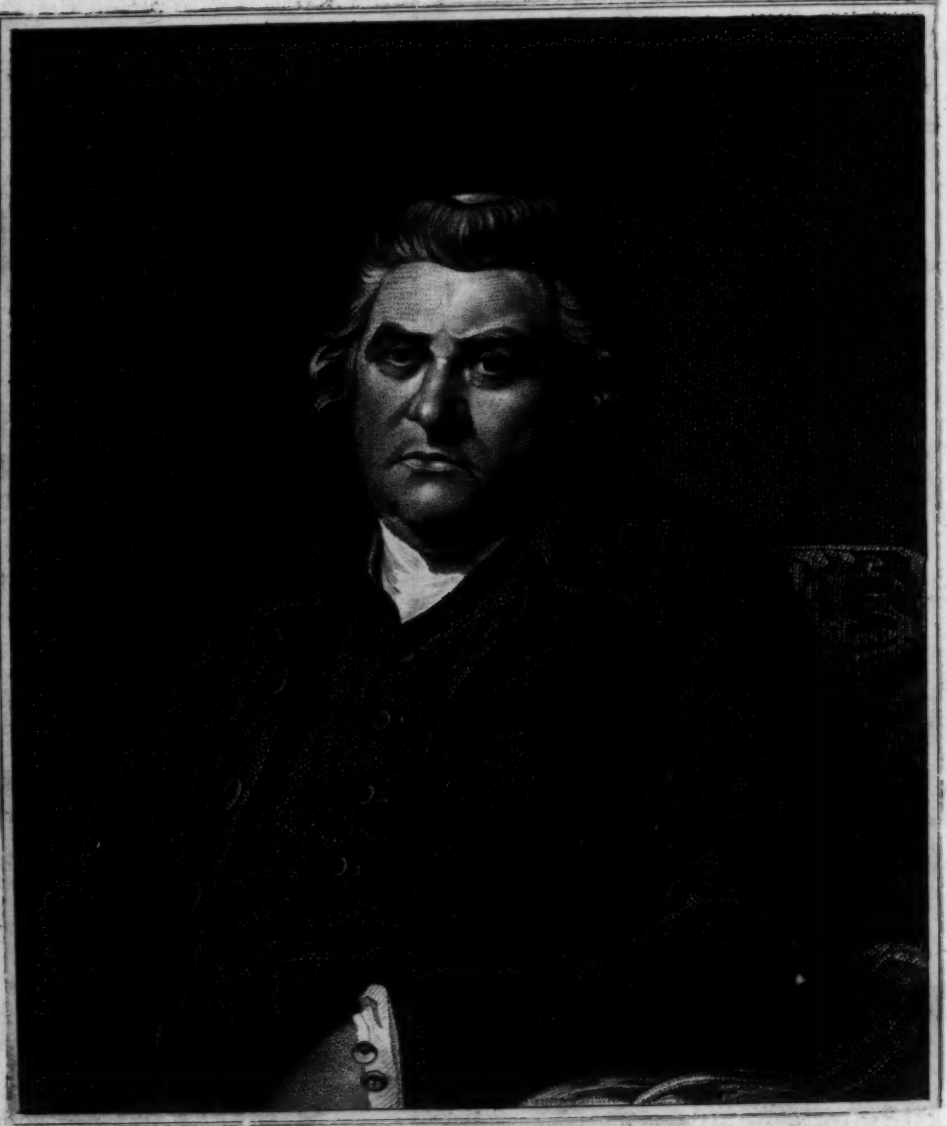




Born 1728. Died 1790.

T.W.



Born 1728. Died 1790.

T.W.

Roberts.
THE

P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

OF

THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

PROFESSOR OF POETRY,

AND CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,

AT OXFORD,

AND POET LAUREAT.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M. DCC. XCI.

P. O. E. M. S.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

W. B. D. O. N. D.

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L. O. N. D. O. N.

PRINTED FOR G. D. AND J. ROBINSON
PATERNOSTER ROW

M. DCC. LXXI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A Reader of taste will easily perceive, that the ingenious Author of the following Poems was of the SCHOOL of SPENSER and MILTON, rather than that of POPE.

In order to make this Collection of his poetical Works more complete, to the Poems of a more serious cast, are now first added, several pieces of pleasantry and humour; and also some Latin Poems, written with a true classical PURITY, ELEGANCE, and SIMPLICITY.

Εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας,

Ἐδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἑτέρῳ

Αἰρομενος ἀγρευμ' ἀνθεῶν

Ἀδομένα ψυχὰ —

Grotii Excerpta ex Tragicis ;
& Valkenarii Diatriben in
Hyppolitum, p. 212.

T H E
T R I U M P H of I S I S,
OCCASIONED BY
I S I S an E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN 1749.

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum TYBRIDE, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse rēdit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.*——

CLAUDIAN.

O N closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:

B

And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.

When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-flipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:

When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' spite,
 The venal sons of slavish CAM unite;
 To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's cause;
 Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
 To power your songs of Gratulation pay,
 To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
 What though your gentle MASON's plaintive verse
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;
 What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
 Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a sister's head? —
 Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!

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 Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a sister's head? —
 Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!

A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let - - - - - boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where CAM, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis our's, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way;

To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.

Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.

Though wakeful Vengeance watch my chrystal
spring,

Though Persecution wave her iron wing,

And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,

“ These destin'd seats be mine,” exulting cries;

Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:

And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend

Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,

Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.

See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;

With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;

My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,

The mien erect, and high majestic gait:

Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,

And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:

My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies,

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Ifis' happy plain;
When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's am-
plest shrine,

Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Ifis' honour'd name?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort, and an Harley mine:

That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
 Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
 Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
 Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
 My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
 And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
 In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
 And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace.
 See, on yon Sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.

Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
 Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell:
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm;
 Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
 Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
 Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
 From me, as from my country, claims applause,
 And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
 While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;

Say, shall the Puny Champion fondly dare
 To wage with force like this scholastic war?
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
 With all the rage of pedant impotence?
 Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
 This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
 Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
 Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
 The deep foundations of the floating pile:
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
 The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
 With every conflict of the stormy flood;
 More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
 Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time!
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence;
 Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the fight,
 To contemplation, step by step, invite;
 Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers
 clear
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
 Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
 Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now, confefs'd to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy gifted sons arife.
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
 Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads :
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
 And beams on all around celestial fire.
 With graceful ſtep ſee Addiſon advance,
 The ſweeteſt child of Attic elegance :
 See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore,
 And Selden ope the rolls of antient lore :
 To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
 See Locke lead Reaſon, his majeſtic bride :
 See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
 And ſpread the treaſur'd ſtores of Truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
 And beſt the labours plann'd of letter'd eaſe :
 Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd ;
 Who ſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd ;

Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
 All that adorn'd or humanis'd the mind;
 Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul,
 All croud around, and echoing to the sky,
 Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
 'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
 And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
 To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
 With mild debate each musing feature glows,
 And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
 "Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
 A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.
 These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
 Their future sons the great example taught:
 While in each youth, th' hereditary flame
 Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Not all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
 I see the sable-suited prince advance
 With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
 Edward. The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
 Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy law.

And see, great father of the sacred band,
 The § Patriot King before me seems to stand.
 He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd
 That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
 Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
 The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
 From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
 And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:

§ Alfred.

Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
 Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
 Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
 She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
 Lo ! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
 And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.
 'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
 Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause :
 He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
 And footh'd to soft society's controul
 A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
 Elate he views his laurel'd progeny :
 Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign :
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race exprest :
 Confcious he sees, fair Freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive !

(Glorious, as when the goddesses pour'd the beam
Unfullied on his antient diadem ;)

Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings ;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

E (L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

O For the warblings of the Doric ote,
 That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide!
 Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note
 To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died!
 Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
 And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic, hung.

II.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
 To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
 The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
 Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild:
 A nations' tears shall teach my song to trace
 The Prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

III.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
 To drop the sweeping pall of scepter'd pride ;
 Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
 And rural walks on Isis' tufted side :
 To rove at large amid the landskips still,
 Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad hill.

IV.

How, lock'd in pure Affection's golden band,
 Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
 With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
 His temple's binding with domestic bays :
 Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
 Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot !

V.

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
 He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
 Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
 The banks of silver Helicon beset :
 Nor seldom wak'd the Muse's living lyre
 To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening quire.

VI.

How to the Few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
 He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
 But bade sweet Thomson share th' friendly board,
 Soothing with verse divine the toil of state :
 Hence fir'd, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
 And deck'd the regal mask, and tried the tragic strain.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

At ANSLEY HALL, in WARWICKSHIRE.

I.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,

I sooth to peace my pensive mind :

And while, to shade my lowly cave,

Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;

And while the maple dish is mine,

The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine :

I scorn the gay licentious croud,

Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

II.

Within my limits lone and still,

The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;

Fast by my couch, congenial guest

The wren has wove her mossy nest ;

From busy scenes, and brighter skies,

To lurk with innocence, she flies ;

Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,

Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

III.

At morn, I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
 And every opening primrose count,
 That trimly paints my blooming mount :
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

IV.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brass-embossed book,
 Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
 Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;
 And, at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

V.

While such pure joys my bliss create,

Who but would smile at guilty state ?

Who but would wish his holy lot

In calm Oblivion's humble grot ?

Who but would cast his pomp away,

To take my staff, and amice gray ;

And to the world's tumultuous stage

Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

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M O N O D Y,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON:

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
 Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
 Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
 Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd ile inclose,
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
 Above th' embowering shade,
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
 As at the waving of some magic wand;

An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
 And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
 People the busy mead,
 Like spectres swarming to the wifard's hall;
 And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
 The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
 Before me Pity seems to stand
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
 To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
 His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
 Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
 And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

ON THE DEATH OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND,

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT. §

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The Tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!

O PITT, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which antient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample Wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

§ Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collections of OXFORD VERSES on their respective occasions: and were written while the author was Poetry Professor.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's caule!
 Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
 The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings :
 Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
 Can speak her office and her use of yore :
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
 Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days ;
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
 She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;
 When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
 Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd :
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she fate,
 The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state ;
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame :
 For, taught like our's, she dar'd, with prudent pride,
 Obedience from dependence to divide :

Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame as GEORGE'S trophied throne?
 At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
 To wake a mighty nation's antient fires:
 Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
 Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
 Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
 Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms:

Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;
 As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state ;
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine :
 For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
 To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
 In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes ;
 One common cause one common end prescribes :
 Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens, the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

O PITT, while honour points thy liberal plan,
 And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,
 Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.

For 'tis not Her's, by false connections drawn,
 At splendid Slavery's fordid shrine to fawn;
 Each native effort of the feeling breast,
 To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress'd:
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
 To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,
 From kings, like GEORGE, benignant, just, and wise.
 Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial Muse

From that calm Bower*, which nurs'd thy
thoughtful youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth ;
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye ;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign ;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a GEORGE's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord Somers, and Sir James Harrington, author of the OCEANA, were educated.

O N T H E

MARRIAGE OF THE KING,

M. DCC LXI.

TO HER MAJESTY.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
 Rose from the billowy deep in distant view ;
 When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
 Tower'd in imperial state above the tide ;
 What bright ideas of the new domain
 Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign !

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
 That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat :
 Lo ! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
 Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
 Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
 Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good :

Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
 That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low ;
 Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
 The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves :
 Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
 Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;
 Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
 And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall ;
 While chiefs, like GEORGE, approv'd in worth alone,
 Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
 Lo ! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
 What fertile fields her temperate suns display !
 Where Property secures the conscious swain,
 And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain :
 Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
 Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound ;
 Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
 And future navies crown her darksome hills.
 To bear her formidable glory far,
 Behold her opulence of hoarded war !

See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
 On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
 Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
 In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
 Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
 Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest Queen, if e'er the magic powers
 Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
 Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
 Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
 Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
 In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
 While cunning Bards at antient banquets sung
 Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
 Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
 And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
 Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
 Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:

But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
 The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
 Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
 Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest!
 Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
 High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
 And told the golden ties of wedded love
 In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
 Where Science sits enshrined in roofs sublime.
 O mark, how green her wood of antient bays
 O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
 Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
 Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
 Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
 Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
 If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
 To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;

Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
 To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ;
 Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
 To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside :
 Nor from the shade shall GEORGE be long away,
 That claims CHARLOTTA's love, and courts
 her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
 With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race !
 But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
 Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms ;
 Though GEORGE and Conquest guard her sea-girt
 throne,
 One happier blessing still she calls her own ;
 And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
 Crowns her chief honours with a CHARLOTTE's
 name.

ON THE BIRTH OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR,

IN THE SAME YEAR, MDCCCLXII.

IMPERIAL Dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
GEORGE shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain ;
 Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train :
 For lo ! to Britain and her favour'd Pair,
 Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir !
 Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire
 Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire :
 In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime :
 The patriot fire shall catch, with sure preface,
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy ;
 There firmly wreath the Braid of heavenly die,
 True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,
 In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
 Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
 Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
 Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
 Of antient chivalry's undaunted toils ;
 Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high
 Young Edward's fable mail shall strike his eye :
 Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
 With rival Creffys, and a new Poitiers ;
 On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
 His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
 His emulative age to glory's love
 Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
 Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth :
 Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
 The royal nursling unreluctant bore ;
 Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
 The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace ;

Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.

And O, Young Prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine: No dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:

Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!

Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine antient
boast,
Thy tournaments, and lifted combats lost!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
It's elder fame, and dimm'd it's genuine light,

At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
 And the bright Order bursts to perfect day :
 The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
 On Virtue's base it's rescued glory rears :
 Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts atchieve,
 Sees meek Humanity distress relieve ;
 Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
 And claims it's honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

V E R S E S

O N

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW

AT NEW-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AH, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!

Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mafs,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the fpeaking glafs!

Nor steal, by ftrokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illufions of my wayward mind!

For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,

A faithlefs truant to the claffic page;

Long have I lov'd to catch the fimple chime

Of minftrel-harps, and fpell the fabling rime;

To view the feftive rites, the knightly play,

That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;

To mark the mouldering halls of Barons bold,

And the rough caftle, caft in giant mould;

With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side ;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew ;
Where SUPERSTITION, with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane ;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd ;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile :
Whilst as around the far-retiring ile,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,

With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
 The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
 From blifs long felt unwillingly we part :
 Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart !
 Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
 Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam !
 That softer touch, insidious artist stay,
 Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray !

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
 But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain ?
 No more the matchless skill I call unkind
 That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
 For when again I view thy chaste Design,
 The just proportion, and the genuine line ;
 Those native pourtraitures of Attic art,
 That from the lucid surface seem to start ;
 Those tints, that steal no glories from the day
 Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray :

The doubtful radiance of contending dies,
 That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
 Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
 The feature blooming with immortal life:
 The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
 Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
 The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
 That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
 Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
 O'er the mean cradle of the virgin's child:
 Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
 Which late my visionary rapture fed;
 Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
 And brought my bosom back to truth again:
 To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
 Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
 To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
 Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
 To truth, whose Charms deception's magic quell,
 And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell,

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
 At distance due, possess the crisped nich;
 Ye Rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
 Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
 Ye Saints, who clad in crimson's bright array,
 More pride than humble poverty display:
 Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
 Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
 Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
 But boast no semblance to a race divine:
 Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
 Ye Martyrdoms of unenlightened days,
 Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise:
 Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
 Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike!
 Ye Colours, that th' unwary fight amaze,
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
 No more the Sacred Window's round disgrace,
 But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.

Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
 Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own !
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
 With her own energy, th' expressive stain !
 The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil ;
 But calls the lineaments of life compleat
 From genial alchymy's creative heat ;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel Nature lives.

REYNOLDS, tis thine, from the broad window's
 height,
 To add new lustre to religious light :
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine :
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

O D E S.

O D E S

O D E I.

TO SLEEP.

ON this my penfive pillow, gentle Sleep!
 Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
 Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
 And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
 And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
 This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
 Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
 And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
 I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
 For ever hovering, haunts my wretched fight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm :
 Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
 To me appear, while with uplifted arm
 Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

O D E II.

T H E H A M L E T.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
 Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:

On green untrodden banks they view

The hyacinth's neglected hue :

In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,

They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :

And startle from her ashen spray,

Across the glen, the screaming jay :

Each native charm their steps explore

Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray

Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :

Their weary spirits to relieve,

The meadows incense breathe at eve.

No riot mars the simple fare

That o'er a glimmering hearth they share ;

But when the curfeu's measur'd roar

Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,

Has echoed from the distant town,

They wish no beds of cygnet-down,

No trophied canopies, to close
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
 Of health around the clay-built room,
 Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
 Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
 Or hasten from the fultry hill
 To loiter at the shady rill ;
 Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
 To rob the raven's antient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
 The curling woodbine's shade embowers :
 From the small garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :
 Nor fell Disease, before his time,
 Hastes to consume life's golden prime :

But when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar ;
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

O D E III.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBY IN CHESHIRE*.

AS evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
 No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
 Than the faint din, from yonder sedgey shore,
 Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.
 How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure mus'd!
 Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
 And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd
 His crouded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!
 The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
 Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
 Are rest, and every battlement o'ergrown
 With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

* Founded by king Edward the first, about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plumy crest,
 And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
 Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest
 With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
 Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
 And through the lessening files, in radiant rows,
 Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browse, and there the fable yew
 Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
 And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew,
 O'er the forgotten graves, and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime,
 That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
 No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
 Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
 No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
 (Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
 Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
 (While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire)
 When the weak breeze in many a whisper breaths,
 I seem to listen to the chanting quire.—

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
 Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
 Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
 Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the forcerefs, Superstition blind,
 Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
 Oft bade her visionary gleams arise :

Though the vain hours unfocial Sloth beguil'd,
 While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
 And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
 Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, entron'd in venerable state,
 Proud Hospitality dispens'd her store:
 Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
 Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with gothic pourtraiture
 Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
 Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
 No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,
 Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;
 Here raptur'd see, Religion's evening ray
 Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here antient Art her dedal fancies play'd
 In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
 In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
 And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy-proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
 Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
 But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
 The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came
 An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
 Hung lowering, and around the social flame
 Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;
 Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
 To pluck the grey moss from the mantled stone,
 Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,
 With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
 And with fair images of antient things
 The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse;
 Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:
 Severer Reason forms far other views,
 And scans the scene with philosophic ken,

From these deserted domes, new glories rise;
 More useful institutes, adorning man,
 Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
 On fresh foundations build the social plan,

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
 Effays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine:
 While freed Religion, like primeval light
 Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine,

O D E IV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
 Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
 The boisterous boy the Fair denies,
 Or, with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
 And shrinking at the northern blast,
 The sleety storm returning still,
 The morning hoar, and evening chill;
 Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
 Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
 Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
 That cloath the garden's southern bound;
 Scarce a sickly straggling flower
 Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
 Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
 From the dark dell's entangled steeps;

O'er the field of waving broom,
 Slowly shoots the golden bloom :
 And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
 Tinctures the transitory gale.
 While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
 Where the vegetable blaze
 Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
 Every chequer'd charm is flown ;
 Save that the lilac hangs to view
 Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
 The beans their new-born ranks expand :
 The fresh-turn'd foil with tender blades
 Thinly the sprouting barley shades :
 Fringing the forest's devious edge,
 Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ;
 Or to the distant eye displays
 Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
 Skims in haste the village green:
 From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
 The screaming plovers idly spring:
 The butterfly, gay-painted foön,
 Explores awhile the tepid noon;
 And fondly trusts its tender dies
 To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
 If a cloud should haply lower,
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
 Mute on a sudden is the lark;
 But when gleams the sun again
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
 And from behind his watery veil
 Looks through the thin-descending hail;
 She mounts, and lessening to the fight,
 Salutes the blythe return of light,

And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where GLYM's low banks neglected smile;

And each trim meadow still retains
 The wintry torrent's oozy stains :
 Beneath a willow, long forsook,
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;
 And bursting through the crackling sedge
 That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
 He startles from the bordering wood,
 The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
 Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
 And with eager bleatings fill
 The fofs that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
 To lordly man's usurping yoke,
 The bounding colt forgets to play,
 Basking beneath the noontide ray,
 And stretch'd among the daisies pide
 Of a green dingle's sloping side :

While far beneath, where nature spreads
 Her boundless length of level meads,
 In loose luxuriance taught to stray
 A thousand tumbling rills inlay
 With silver veins the vale, or pass
 Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
 Midst her pensive solitude,
 Fancy, with prophetic glance,
 Sees the teeming months advance;
 The field, the forest, green and gay,
 The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow:
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe:
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
 And Plenty load her ample horn.

O D E V.

SENT TO MR. UPTON,

ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEEN.

AS oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
 I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page ;
 And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
 Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age :

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
 O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise ;
 As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
 Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
 To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground :
 His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
 And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
 The castle of proud Busyrane to quell ;
 Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
 And broke with golden spear the mighty spell :

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
 Each room, array'd in glistering imagery ;
 And through th' enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
 Saw Cupid's stately maske come sweeping by*.—

At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,
 She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
 Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
 Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow,

At this, in hopeless sorrow dropping long,
 Her painted wings Imagination plumes ;
 Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
 Its native charm, and genuine grace, resumes,

* See FAIRY QUEEN, iii. 2. 5,

O D E VI.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
 Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
 O'erhang the craggy road,
 And whistle hollow as they wave ;
 Within a solitary grave,
 A Slayer of himself * holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies
 Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
 And dimm'd the struggling day ;
 As by the brook that lingering laves
 Yon rush-grown moor with fable waves,
 Full of the dark resolve he took his fullen way.

* " The Slayer of himself " is used by Dryden for a *Suicide*.

I mark'd his defultory pace,
 His gestures strange, and varying face,
 With many a mutter'd sound;
 And ah! too late aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
 He watch'd the slow return of light;
 And fought the powers of sleep,
 To spread a momentary calm
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
 Of bland oblivion's dew his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
 He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid th' autumnal wood:
 Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
 DESPAIR, for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale, appear'd;
 While, as the shades of eve arose
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

“ Is this, mistaken Scorn will cry,
 “ Is this the youth, whose genius high
 “ Could build the genuine rime?
 “ Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
 “ Had stor'd with all her ample views,
 “ Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime.”

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
 By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
 To strike the deathful blow:
 She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
 With many a feeling too refin'd,
 And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
 And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
 To griefs congenial prone,
 More wounds than nature gave he knew,
 While misery's form his fancy drew
 In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then with not o'er his earthy tomb
 The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
 To drop its deadly dew:
 Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
 That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
 With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew,

What though no marble-piled bust
 Adorn his desolated dust,
 With speaking sculpture wrought?
 Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
 To build a visionary shrine,
 Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions
 brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite ?

Here viewless mourners shall delight

To touch the shadowy shell :

And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom

Of Laura, lost in early bloom,

In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,

This votive dirge sad Duty paid,

Within an ivied nook :

Sudden the half-sunk orb of day

More radiant shot its parting ray,

And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

“ Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;

“ Nor thus for guilt in specious lays

“ The wreath of glory twine :

“ In vain with hues of gorgeous glow

“ Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,

“ Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

- “ Just heaven, man’s fortitude to prove,
 “ Permits through life at large to rove
 “ The tribes of hell-born Woe:
 “ Yet the same power that wisely sends
 “ Life’s fiercest ills, indulgent lends
 “ Religion’s golden shield to break th’ embattled foe.
- “ Her aid divine had lull’d to rest
 “ Yon foul self-murderer’s throbbing breast,
 “ And stay’d the rising storm:
 “ Had bade the sun of hope appear
 “ To gild his darken’d hemisphere,
 “ And give the wonted bloom to nature’s blasted form.
- “ Vain man ! ’tis heaven’s prerogative
 “ To take, what first it deign’d to give,
 “ Thy tributary breath:
 “ In awful expectation plac’d,
 “ Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 “ To pluck from God’s right hand his instruments
 “ of death.”

O D E VII.

SENT TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

AH mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
 Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
 When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
 Who now shall climb its brows to view
 The length of landscape, ever new,
 Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
 Her varied vesture far and wide!
 Who mark, beneath, each village-charm;
 Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
 The flinty dove-cote's crouded roof,
 Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
 The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
 Darkens the long-deserted hall:

The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train :

The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire !

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way ;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean !
Who mid thy nooks of hazle fit,
Loft in some melancholy fit ;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak !
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower ?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay ?

Who, musing waste the summer hour,
 Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
 The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
 With azure flowrets idly grac'd!
 Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
 Returning reapers cross the lawn;
 Nor fond attention loves to note
 The weather's bell from folds remote:
 While, own'd by no poetic eye,
 Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the Bard who rapture found
 In every rural sight or sound;
 Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
 No charm of genuine nature past;
 Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
 Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
 Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
 With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
 As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms !
 From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
 Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
 His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
 With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake
 The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake :
 Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
 Its chalky entrails opens wide,
 On the green summit, ambush'd high,
 No longer Echo loves to lie.
 No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,
 Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
 Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
 No Fairies run in fiery rank ;
 Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
 The violet's unprinted head.
 But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
 The glades that wear a conscious frown,

The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
 Rough glens, and fullen waterfalls,
 Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell,
 (As old Arabian fablers tell)
 Amid the solitary wild,
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
 From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
 Fair forms, in every wonderous wood,
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
 And oft, retreating from the view,
 Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
 While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
 If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show,

His transitory charm withdrew,
 Away th' illusive landscape flew :
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mold :
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd :
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wisard's proud domain.

O D E VIII.

T H E

COMPLAINT of CHERWELL.*

I.

ALL pensive from her osier-woven bow'r
 CHERWELL arose. Around her darkening edge
 Pale eve began the steaming mist to pour,
 And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge:
 She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
 And tore the rushy wreath that bound her stream-
 ing hair.

II.

Ah! why, she cried, should Isis share alone,
 The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!
 Shall every song her happier influence own,
 And stamp with partial praise her favorite name?

* One of the Rivers at Oxford.

While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

III.

No chosen son of all yon fabling band
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;
Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speck-
led shell.

IV.

In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery:
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

V.

Proud Nymph, since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,

No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale
is hung,)

Where meet our streams, indulging short delay:

No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st
to take

My cress-born flowers that float in many a shady
lake.

VI.

Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,

Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?

Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,

Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:

Whose banks with echoing industry resound,

Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving
mound.

VII.

Lo! here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,
 To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
 The freshness of my pastures to defile,
 Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
 But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
 Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

VIII.

No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
 Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
 The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
 And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
 All unalarm'd, save when the genial May
 Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ri-
 pen'd hay.

IX.

Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;
 So to new notes shall my coy Echo string

Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
And the slow pace of Contemplation bring :
Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

X.

Whate'er the theme : if unrequited love
Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe ;
Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath ;
Here hail the Muses : from the busy throng
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts
the song.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING RICHARD the first, celebrated for his achievements in the crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provencial minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the holy land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favorite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment; and began a song, or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was king Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer: and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the minstrel and king Richard.

O D E IX.

T H E C R U S A D E.

BOUND for holy Palestine,

Nimble we brush'd the level brine,

All in azure steel array'd;

O'er the wave our weapons play'd,

And made the dancing billows glow;

High upon the trophied prow,

Many a warrior-minstrel swung

His founding harp, and boldly sung:

“ Syrian virgins, wail and weep,

“ English Richard ploughs the deep!

“ Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,

“ From distant towers, with anxious eye,

“ The radiant range of shield and lance

“ Down Damascus' hills advance:

“ From Sion's turrets as afar

“ Ye ken the March of Europe's war!”

- " Saladin, thou paynim king
 " From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
 " On Acon's * spiry citadel,
 " Though to the gale thy banners swell,
 " Pictur'd with the silver moon;
 " England shall end thy glory soon!
 " In vain, to break our firm array,
 " Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
 " Those sounds our rising fury fan:
 " English Richard in the van.
 " On to victory we go,
 " A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,
 And swept the wire with glowing hand.
 Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
 And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
 Far along the smiling main
 Echoed the prophetic strain.

* A capital christian city and fortress of Syria.

Soon we kifs'd the sacred earth
 That gave a murther'd Saviour birth :
 Then with ardour fresh endu'd,
 Thus the solemn song renew'd.

“ Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
 “ Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last !
 “ Object of our holy vow,
 “ We tread the Tyrian vallies now.
 “ From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
 “ We feel the cheering fragrance creep :
 “ O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
 “ Waves the date-empurpled palm,
 “ See, Lebanon's aspiring head
 “ Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
 “ Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
 “ Wet with our Redeemer's gore !
 “ Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
 “ Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
 “ Your ravish'd honours to restore,
 “ Fearless we climb this hostile shore !

- “ And thou, the sepulchre of god !
 “ By mocking pagans rudely trod,
 “ Bereft of every awful rite,
 “ And quench’d thy lamps that beam’d so bright ;
 “ For thee, from Britain’s distant coast,
 “ Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
 “ Aloft in his heroic hand,
 “ Blazing, like the beacon’s brand,
 “ O’er the far-affrighted fields,
 “ Resistless Kaliburn he wields*.
 “ Proud Saracen, pollute no more
 “ The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
 “ From each wild mountain’s trackless crown
 “ In vain, thy gloomy castles frown :
 “ Thy battering engines, huge and high,
 “ In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;

* Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur : which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the first ; and was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred king of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable price, about the year 1190. See the following Ode.

- “ And, rolling in terrific state,
 “ On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
 “ When eve has hush’d the buzzing camp,
 “ Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
 “ Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
 “ Haunt us on the tented plain :
 “ We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
 “ Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !
 “ With many a demon, pale of hue,
 “ Doom’d to drink the bitter dew
 “ That drops from Macon’s footy tree,
 “ Mid the dread grove of ebony.
 “ Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
 “ The christian’s holy courage quell.
 “ Salem, in antient majesty
 “ Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
 “ Soon on thy battlements divine
 “ Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
 “ Ye Barons, to the fun unfold
 “ Our Cross with crimson wove and gold !”

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING HENRY the second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick king of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the brown monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh Bards. The subject of their poetry was king Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that king Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the Bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made; now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembroke-shire: and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

O D E X.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer:

Girt with many an armed peer,

And canopied with golden pall,

Amid CILGARRAN's castle hall,

Sublime in formidable state,

And warlike splendour, Henry fate;

Prepar'd to stain the briny flood

Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

 Illumining the vaulted roof,

A thousand torches flam'd aloof:

From massy cups, with golden gleam

Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:

To grace the gorgeous festival,

Along the lofty-window'd hall,

The storied tapestry was hung:

With minstrelsy the rafters rung

Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song,
 From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyfs,
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose ;
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attemper'd thus the fabling rime.

“ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
 “ High the screaming sea-mew soar'd ;
 “ On Tintagel's * topmost tower
 “ Darksom fell the fleety shower ;

* Tintagel, or Tintadgel castle, where king Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the southern coast, of Cornwall.

" Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 " The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 " On each tall rampart's thundering side
 " The surges of the tumbling tide :
 " When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
 " On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks :
 " By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
 " Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
 " Yet in vain a paynim foe
 " Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
 " For when he fell, an elfin queen,
 " All in secret, and unseen,
 " O'er the fainting hero threw
 " Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
 " And bade her spirits bear him far,
 " In Merlin's agate-axled car,
 " To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
 " Far in the navel of the deep.
 " O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 " From flowers that in Arabia grew :

- “ On a rich enchanted bed,
 “ She pillow’d his majestic head ;
 “ O’er his brow, with whispers bland,
 “ Thrice she wav’d an opiate wand ;
 “ And to soft music’s airy sound,
 “ Her magic curtains clos’d around.
 “ There, renew’d the vital spring,
 “ Again he reigns a mighty king ;
 “ And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 “ Blooming in immortal prime,
 “ By gales of Eden ever fann’d,
 “ Owns the monarch’s high command :
 “ Thence to Britain shall return,
 “ (If right prophetic rolls I learn)
 “ Borne on Victory’s spreading plume,
 “ His antient sceptre to resume ;
 “ Once more, in old heroic pride,
 “ His barbed courser to bestride ;
 “ His knightly table to restore,
 “ And the brave tournaments of yore.”

They ceas'd : when on the tuneful stage
 Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage ;
 His silver tresses, thin besprent,
 To age a graceful reverence lent ;
 His beard, all white as spangles frore
 That cloath Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
 Down to his harp descending flow'd ;
 With Time's faint rose his features glow'd ;
 His eyes diffus'd a softer'd fire,
 And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.

“ Listen, Henry, to my read !
 “ Not from fairy realms I lead
 “ Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
 “ In forged colours Arthur's fate ;
 “ Though much of old romantic lore
 “ On the high theme I keep in store :
 “ But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
 “ Where Truth the strain might best become.
 “ If thine ear may still be won
 “ With songs of Uther's glorious son ;

- " Henry, I a tale unfold,
 " Never yet in rime enroll'd,
 " Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
 " Which in my youth's full early flower,
 " A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 " Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,
 " Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 " Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 " What time the glistening vapours fled
 " From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's * head;
 " And on its sides the torrents gray
 " Shone to the morning's orient ray.
 " When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
 " No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
 " Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 " In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
 " Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
 " Slaughter'd kings in glory go :

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.

- “ But when he fell, with winged speed,
 “ His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 “ From the battle’s hurricane,
 “ Bore him to Joseph’s towered fane,
 “ In the fair vale of Avalon † :
 “ There, with chanted orison,
 “ And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 “ The stoled fathers met the bier ;
 “ Through the dim ile, in order dread
 “ Of martial woe, the chief they led,
 “ And deep intomb’d in holy ground,
 “ Before the altar’s solemn bound.
 “ Around no dusky banners wave,
 “ No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
 “ Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 “ Each trace that Time’s slow touch had worn ;
 “ And long, o’er the neglected stone,
 “ Oblivion’s veil its shade has thrown :

† Glastonbury abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea ; in a spot, antiently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia.

- “ The faded tomb, with honour due,
 “ ’Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
 “ Thither, when Conquest has restor’d
 “ Yon recreant isle, and sheath’d the sword,
 “ When peace with palm has crown’d thy brows,
 “ Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows,
 “ There, observant of my lore,
 “ The pavement’s hallow’d depth explore ;
 “ And thrice a fathom underneath
 Dive into the vaults of death.
 “ There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 “ On his gigantic stature gaze ;
 “ There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 “ All in warrior-weeds array’d ;
 “ Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
 “ And weapons huge of old renown.
 “ Martial prince, ’tis thine to save
 “ From dark oblivion Arthur’s grave !
 “ So may thy ships securely stem
 “ The western frith ; thy diadem

“ Shine victorious in the van,
 “ Nor heed the flings of Ulster’s clan :
 “ Thy Norman pike-men win their way
 “ Up the dun rocks of Harald’s bay* :
 “ And from the steeps of rough Kildare
 “ Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
 “ So may thy bow’s unerring yew
 “ Its shafts in Roderick’s heart imbrew †.”

Amid the pealing symphony
 The spiced goblets mantled high ;
 With passions new the song impress’d
 The listening king’s impatient breast :
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
 He scorns awhile his bold emprise ;
 Ev’n now he seems, with eager pace,
 The consecrated floor to trace ;

* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-fager, The *Fair-haired*, king of Norway, is said, in the Life of Gryffudh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprize, chiefly by the use of the long-bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted,

And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
 The treasure of the wonderful tomb:
 Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
 Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-temper'd metal made;
 And drag to day the dinted shield
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
 O'er the sepulchre profound
 Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
 The daily dirge, and rites divine.

SONNETS.

And once from the mountain
The waters of the Jordan
He came, he came, he came
From the desert and the land
Rough with the stones of the
The narrow path of the

S O N N E T S

That the first of the
The first of the
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S O N N E T O

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

Winslade, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
 Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
 Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
 Can the grey mist with orient purple stain,
 Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train :
 Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain :
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
 Nor views invite, since He far distant strays,
 With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recal those happier days.

S O N N E T II.

O N B A T H I N G.

When late the trees were stript by winter pale,
 Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
 And, ere it's earliest echo shook the vale,
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
 She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
 The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
 And now, all glad the temperate air to breath,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
 She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

SIO N N E T M OIII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
MONASTICON.

Deem not, devoid of elegance, the Sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child ;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
On his lone hours ? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely stil'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

S O N N E T IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle !
 Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
 To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
 Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
 T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile * :
 Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
 Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore :
 Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
 To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
 Rear'd the rude heap : or, in thy hallow'd round,
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd :
 Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
 We muse on many an antient tale renown'd.

* One of Bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

S O N N E T O V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
 Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
 Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
 And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
 How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
 My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
 In my low cell how cheat the fullen hours!
 Vain the complaint: for FANCY can impart
 (To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
 Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
 She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
 Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
 Bid the green landkip's vernal beauty bloom:
 And in bright trophies cloath the twilight wall.

S O N N E T VI.

TO MR. GRAY.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
 My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings ;
 Unseen, unheard, O GRAY, to thee she sings !
 While slowly-pacing through the churchyard dew,
 At curfeu-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
 Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings ;
 Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
 Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
 Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd :
 Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay ?
 No, bard divine ! For many a care beguil'd
 By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
 For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
 To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

SONNET VII.

While summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
 Thro' Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
 Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
 And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
 Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
 I journied blythe. Full pensive I return'd;
 For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
 Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
 Which late in careless indolence I past;
 And Autumn all around those hues had cast
 Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
 Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
 Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
 I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

SONNET VIII.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE,

AT WINCHESTER.

Where Venta's Norman castle still appears
 Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fofs,
 And scatter'd flinty fragments clad in moss,
 On yonder steep in naked state appears;
 High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
 Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
 Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
 In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
 Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rime,
 The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
 To the slow vengeance of the wifard Time,
 And fade the British characters away;
 Yet Spencer's page, that chants in verse sublime
 Those Chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

S O N N E T IX.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all thro' fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun :
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
 While pensive Memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between ;
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road !
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

I N S C R I B E D

ON A BEAUTIFUL

GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

I.

THE Graces sought in yonder stream,
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

II.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade DELIA wear;
While they, ashamed to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

T H E

PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
 Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
 Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
 On which, in calmest meditation held,
 Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
 And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
 Unclouded shine, and thro' the blue serene
 Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
 Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
 Raptur'd thou sit'st, while murmurs indistinct
 Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear
 With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
 There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
 Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
 Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
 Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!

O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
 Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
 To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
 Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
 Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
 Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
 Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
 In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r
 Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
 Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
 Adieu green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon' ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
 Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
 Where thro' some western window the pale moon
 Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
 While fullen sacred silence reigns around,
 Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
 Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
 Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves

Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
 Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
 Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
 The cloyster'd brothers : thro' the gloomy void
 That far extends beneath their ample arch
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world
 Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
 'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
 O'er the wan heaps ; while airy voices talk
 Along the glimm'ring walls ; or ghostly shape
 At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
 My lonesome steps, thro' the far-winding vaults.
 Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
 Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
 I start : lo, all is motionless around !
 Roars not the rushing wind ; the sons of men
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie ;
 All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.

O then how fearful is it to reflect,
 That thro' the still globe's awful solitude,
 No being wakes but me ! 'till stealing sleep
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dew.
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
 My senses lead thro' flow'ry paths of joy ;
 But let the sacred Genius of the night
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
 When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
 'To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
 Th' unshaken Britomart ; or Milton knew,
 When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
 All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
 Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles,
 As list'ning to the distant water-fall,
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west ;
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
 Then, when the fullen shades of ev'ning close,

Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam
 Thy dying embers scatter, far remote
 From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' th' illumin'd roof
 Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
 Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
 Then let my thought contemplative explore
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
 The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
 As thro' the wilderness of life we rove.
 This sober hour of silence will unmask
 False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
 Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
 With blar illusion, and persuade to drink
 That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
 Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
 Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
 Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy

From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
 Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
 Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
 Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
 More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
 Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
 Or thro' the pillar'd ile, amid pale shrines
 Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
 Mus'd a veil'd votarefs; than Flavia feels,
 As thro' the mazes of the festive ball
 Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
 She floats amid the filken sons of dress,
 And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

When azure noon-tide cheers the dædal globe,
 And the blest regent of the golden day
 Rejoices in his bright meridian bow'r,
 How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
 That best befriends the melancholy mind!
 Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song!

Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecat, hail!
 Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
 Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
 Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
 What tho' beneath thy gloom the forcerefs-train,
 Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
 With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron blefs;
 Tho' Murder wan, beneath thy shrouding shade
 Summons her flow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
 Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
 In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,
 And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
 What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
 As all benighted in Arabian wastes
 He hears the wilderness around him howl
 With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
 The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;
 Yet more delightful to my penfive mind
 Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
 Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,

When from the portals of the saffron east
 She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
 Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach
 When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
 While thro' the damp air scowls the louring south,
 Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
 Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
 Hail not the fullen gloom; the waving elms
 That hoar thro' time, and rang'd in thick array,
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse
 Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
 While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
 A mournful train: secure the village-hind
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
 Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
 Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
 Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Thro' POPE's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
 And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
 Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
 As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
 In magic SPENSER's wildly-warbled song
 I see deserted Una wander wide
 Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
 Weary, forlorn; than when the * fated fair,
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
 Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun.
 The gay description palls upon the sense,
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble blifs.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
 Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
 Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,

* Belinda. See Rape of the Lock.

Whose magic went to sooth your soften'd souls?
 O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
 To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
 Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
 And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
 By many a flow trill from the bird of woe
 Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods
 By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
 The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
 While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
 And now no more the abstracted ear attends
 The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye
 Pierces no longer thro' th' extended rows
 Of thick-rang'd trees; 'till haply from the depth
 The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
 Or heifers rustling thro' the brake alarms
 Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
 These are delights that absence drear has made
 Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form

Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
 When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
 By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
 Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
 Issues to cloath in gladsome-glist'ring green
 The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight:
 These are delights unknown to minds profane,
 And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
 Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
 The many-founding organ peals on high,
 The clear flow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,
 'Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,
 And lap'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
 Far in sequester'd iles of the deep dome,
 There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
 Which, as they lengthen thro' the Gothic vaults,
 In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.

Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
 And solitude returns, would I forsake
 The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
 The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
 Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
 With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
 Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
 Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
 Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
 Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
 Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
 Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
 His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught.
 Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
 Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
 Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
 By soft degrees the manly torrent steals

From my swollen eyes ; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendors of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ?
To me far happier seems the banish'd Lord
Amid Siberia's unrejoycing wilds
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car ;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires
That crown the solitary dome, arise ;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief ;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind

'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours,

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble blifs, and but allure the fight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart,
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile ! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts ; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens tow'rs,
Tho' thro' the blifsful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades ; tho' roseate Morn
Pour all her splendors on th' empurpled scene ;
Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,

As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs,
 He views the piles of fall'n Persépolis
 In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
 Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisc
 Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
 Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
 Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' un pitying thief,
 Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
 And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
 The dwellings once of elegance and art.
 Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
 Spires the black pine, while thro' the naked street,
 Once haunt of trade ful merchants, springs the grass:
 Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
 From their firm base, encrease the mould'ring mass.
 Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
 Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene
 Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
 Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought !
 O come with faintly look, and stedfast step,
 From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
 Where ever to the curfeu's solemn sound
 List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
 Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
 But never let Euphrósyne beguile
 With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
 Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.
 Tho' 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
 Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view ;
 Tho' Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
 And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
 With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast :
 What tho' 'tis her's to calm the low'ring skies,
 And at her presence mild th' embattl'd clouds
 Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heav'n
 New day diffusive gleam at her approach ;
 Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,

Than all her witlefs revels happier far;
 These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
 From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
 With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
 Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot;
 To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
 Than all the fabling Poet's boasted pow'rs.
 Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
 Once, in his ev'ning walk a Druid found,
 Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
 And piteous bore with hospitable hand
 To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
 There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
 Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
 For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
 Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
 Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old.

A PANEGRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

----- Mea nec Falernæ
 Temperant vites, neque Formiani
 Pocula colles.

HER.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail JUICE benignant! O'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
 My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
 With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
 While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What tho' fore ills
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals

Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
 Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing ALE
 Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
 Of Tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
 Of deep SMIGLECIUS much I meditate ;
 While ALE inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
 The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
 Sweet Helicon of Logic ! But if friends
 Cogential call me from the toilsome page,
 To Pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
 Where, ALE, thy votaries in full resort,
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
 Of monumental oak and antique mould,
 That long has stood the rage of conquering years
 Inviolate, (nor in more ample chair
 Smoaks rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
 In all the majesty of paunch he tries)

Studious of ease, and provident, I place
 My gladsome limbs ; while in repeated round
 Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
 And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy :
 While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
 In innocent delight, amusive Putt
 On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews.
 Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
 Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear ;
 While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
 The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
 In snowy characters and graceful row.—

Hail, TICKING ! surest guardian of distress !
 Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
 The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
 New oysters cry'd :—tho' much the Poet's friend,
 Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
 Accept this tribute of poetic praise !

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
 Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
 Of Pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
 The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
 Of JAMES or JUGGINS, where the grateful breath
 Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
 But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ALE:
 In vain—the Proctor's voice arrests their joys;
 Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
 All-pow'rful ALE! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
 Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
 When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
 Not unexperienced; while the tedious toil
 Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
 Each morn' regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
 Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:

Be mine each morn with eager appetite
 And hunger undissembled, to repair
 To friendly buttry; there on smoaking crust
 And foaming ALE to banquet unrestrained,
 Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
 Our ancestors robust, with liberal cups
 Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
 Of modern times: nor ever had the might
 Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
 With British ALE improving British worth.

With ALE irriguous, undismay'd I hear
 The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
 Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
 Of Laundress shrill awake my startled ear;
 Or Barber spruce with supple look intrude;
 Or Taylor with obsequious bow advance;
 Or Groom invade me with defying front
 And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
 (Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,

Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
 Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
 In vain they plead or threat : All-pow'rful ALB
 Excuses new supplies, and each descends
 With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks :
 E'en SPACEY with indignant brow retires,
 Fiercest of duns ! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the Gods such various blessings pour
 On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
 So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall ?—
 Thus, while improvident of future ill,
 I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
 And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd blifs ;
 Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent !)
 Th' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
 Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
 Nor now the friendly Pot-house longer yields
 A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies ;

Nor SHEPPARD, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and WINTER ticks no more.

Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness,
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The SPLENDID SHILLING's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful ALE;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower; like him with honest love
Of ALE divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favorite theme in kindred strains.

N E W - M A R K E T :

A S A T I R E.

Πουλυπονος ἰππεία

Ὅς ἐμόλες αἰανη

Ταδε γὰρ.

Sophocl. Elect. 508.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming Heir
 Has lost the Parent's or the Guardian's care;
 Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
 Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
 Of each rash frolic what the source and end,
 His sole and first ambition what?——to spend.

Some 'Squires to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
 Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
 Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
 His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees;
 Convinc'd too late that modern strains can move,
 Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove:
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—

But would ye learn, ye leifure-loving 'Squires,
 How best ye may disgrace your prudent fires;
 How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
 Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
 By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
 O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
 When the good Knight at last retir'd to rest!
 Behold the Youth with new-felt rapture mark
 Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
 That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
 Those beauties less the work of art than age;
 In simple state where genuine nature wears
 Her venerable dress of ancient years;
 Where all the charms of chance with order meet
 The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which Druids might adore;
 With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:

Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green:
 There the full stream thro' intermingling glades
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic tow'rs
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
 Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
 And dealt to age and want their daily bread;
 Where crested Knights with peerless Damsels join'd,
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
 Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
 But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosp'rous heir,
 Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
 Descend to Gamesters, Prostitutes, and Grooms.

He sees his steel-clad Sires, and Mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace;
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at the unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns Atheist, Fiddler, Highwayman, or Play'r.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
 Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the list'd plain!
 Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse *,

* Clavileno. See Don Quixote, B. ii. Chap. 41.

He pierc'd heav'n's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed,
 Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed;
 For Poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
 And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had carv'd firloins in peace:
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
 The mild October of a private life:
 Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground:
 And, deaf to Honour's or Ambition's call,
 With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Portmore!
 Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amid the lists our Hero takes his stand;

Suck'd by the sharper, to the Peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes that "witness huge dismay ;"
 When lo ! the chance of one inglorious heat,
 Strips him of genial cheer, and snug retreat.
 How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert !—
 The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dulness and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires ?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'Squires ?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy CONSCRIPT COUNSELLORS behold ;
 (For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough, from a lucky bet,)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons, usurp the rein,
 And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
 See, side by side, his Jockey and Sir John
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.

For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!—
 See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crouds the tumult could produce—
 Is Bedlam, or the Commons all broke loose?
 Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
 Proud on a high-bred thing to risque their necks.—
 Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring croud
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
 With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate;
 Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate:
 And with paternal care unwearied watch
 O'er the nice conduct of a daring match:

Meantime, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:

No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause:
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but New-market's stand.

Is this the band of civil Chiefs design'd
 On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
 Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
 Quit Europe's balance for the Jockey's scale.
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost?
 Who Dams and Sires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's Kings the sacred race:
 Think London journies are the worst of ills;
 Subscribe to articles, instead of bills:
 Strangers to all our annalists relate,
 Theirs are the memoirs of the equestrian state:
 Who lost to Albion's past and present views,
 HEBER *, thy chronicles alone peruse.

* Author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c.

Go on, brave youths, till in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
 See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
 Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide with equal reins a steed or state.

How would a virtuous * Houhnhym neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook the imperious rein;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoke thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road;
 And robb'd of † manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.
 Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons of more than human kind;

* Vid. GULLIVER'S travels. Voyage to the Houhnhyms.

† A copy in the HARLEIAN Library reads HORSE-HOOP.

A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
 Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race ;
 In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
 That hated animal, a Yahoo 'Squire.

How are the THERONS of these modern days,
 Chang'd from those Chiefs who toil'd for Grecian bays;
 Who fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
 Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust.
 Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
 Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay.
 What though the Grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds;
 They won no bets—but then they soar'd to Gods;
 And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
 Than all th' united plates of GEORGE bestow'd,

Greece ! how I kindle at thy magic name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.

Thy scenes sublime, and awful visions rise,
 In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
 Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
 While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
 There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at her fated * Hero's flashing spear.
 Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
 The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring:
 And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream
 Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
 Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
 Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
 No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
 Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
 Remember thou hast rivall'd Grecia's praise,
 Great Nurse of works divine! Yet oh! beware
 Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henries rear
 With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
 Alike has seen thy sons deserve the meed
 Or of the moral or the martial deed.

T H E

CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I Who with such success—alas ! till
 The war came on—have shav'd the Castle ;
 Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
 The boldest heroes oft have taken ;
 In humble strain, am doom'd to mourn
 My fortune chang'd, and state forlorn !
 My soap scarce ventures into froth,
 My razors rust in idle sloth !
 WISDOM * ! to you my verse appeals ;
 You share the griefs your Barber feels :
 Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
 To stock your desolated college.
 Our trade how ill an army suits !
 This comes of picking up recruits.

* The Governor of Oxford Castle.

Loft is the Robber's occupation,
 No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
 For hardy necks no rope is twisted,
 And e'en the hangman's self is lifted.—
 Thy Publishers, O mighty JACKSON!
 With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
 Warning to youth no longer teach,
 Nor live upon a dying speech.
 In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
 No more the Castle-Chaplain preaches.
 Oh! were our troops but safely landed,
 And every regiment disbanded!
 They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
 On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
 Destin'd at home, in peaceful state,
 By me fresh-shav'd, to meet their fate!

Regard, ye Justices of Peace!
 The CASTLE-BARBER's piteous case:

And kindly make some snug addition,
 To better his distressed condition.
 Not that I mean, by such expressions,
 To shave your Worships at the sessions;
 Or would, with vain presumption big,
 Aspire to comb the Judge's wig:—
 Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
 Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
 Then think not that I ask amiss;
 My small request is only this,
 That I, by leave of LEIGH or PARDO,
 May, with the CASTLE—shave BOCARDO.

Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
 Rough servitors in Wales preferr'd,
 The JONESES, MORGANS, and AP-RICES,
 Keep fiddles with their BENEFICES.

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES.

FOR THE YEAR 1760.

THINK of the PALMS, my Masters dear!
That crown this memorable year!
Come fill the glafs, my hearts of gold,
To BRITAIN'S Heroes brisk and bold;
While into rhyme I strive to turn all
The fam'd events of many a JOURNAL.

FRANCE feeds her fons on meagre foup,
'Twas hence they loft their Guardaloup:
What tho' they drefs fo fine and ja'nty?
They could not keep Marigalante.
Their forts in Afric could not repel
The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
Brave Commodore! how we adore ye
For giving us fuccefs at Goree.

Ticonderoga, and Niagara,

Make each true Briton sing O rare a !

I trust the taking of Crown-Point

Has put French courage out of joint.

Can we forget the timely check

WOLFE gave the Scoundrels at * Quebec ?—

That name has stopp'd my glad career,—

Your faithful Newsmen drops a tear !—

But other triumphs still remain,

And rouse to glee my rhymes again.

On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounseers !

Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.

You vainly thought to ballarag us

With your fine squadron off Cape Lagos ;

But when Boscawen came, † La Clue

Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.

* Before this place fell the brave Wolfe ; yet with the satisfaction of first hearing that his troops were victorious.—The other places here enumerated were conquests of the preceding year.

† The French Admiral.

Conflans *, all cowardice and puff,
 Hop'd to demolish hardy Duff;
 But soon unlook'd-for guns o'er-aw'd him,
 HAWKE darted forth; and nobly claw'd him.
 And now their vaunted FORMIDABLE
 Lies captive to a British cable.
 Would you demand the glorious cause
 Whence Britain every trophy draws?
 You need not puzzle long your wit;—
 FAME, from her trumpet, answers—PITT.



FOR THE YEAR 1767.

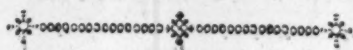
DISMAL the news, which JACKSON's yearly Bard
 Each circling Christmas brings,—“The times are
 hard!”

There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
 Trimm'd the lac'd jackets of the French Mounseers;

* Another French Admiral.

When every week produc'd some lucky hit,
 And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
 We Newsmen drank—as England's Heroes fought,
 While every victory procur'd—a pot.
 Abroad, we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain,
 At home, rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.
 Then ran in numbers free the Newsmen's verses,
 Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.
 But now, no more the stream of plenty flows,
 No more new conquests warm the Newsmen's nose.
 Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,
 Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
 All hope is fled, our families are undone;
 Provisions all are carry'd up to London;
 Our copious granaries Distillers thin,
 Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
 Th' effects of exportation still we rue;—
 I wish th' Exporters were exported too!
 In every Pot-house is unpaid our score;
 And generous Captain JOLLY ticks no more!

Yet still in store some happiness remains,
 Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
 Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
 GEORGE has declar'd—that we again shall eat.
 Sweet Willhelminy, spite of wind and tide,
 Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride:
 She's gone! but there's another in her stead,
 For of a Princess Charlotte's brought to bed:—
 Oh, cou'd I but have had one single sup,
 One single sniff, at Charlotte's caudle-cup!—
 I hear—God bless it—'tis a charming Girl,
 So here's her health in half a pint of Purl.
 But much I fear, this rhyme-exhausted song
 Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long:—
 Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
 And bake these lines beneath a CHRISTMAS-PIE!



FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL shall the Newfman's annual rhymes
Complain of taxes and the times?

Each year our COPIES shall we make on

The price of butter, bread, and bacon?

Forbid it, all ye pow'rs of verse!

A happier subject I rehearse.

Farewell distrefs, and gloomy cares!

A merrier theme my Muse prepares.

For lo! to save us, on a sudden,

In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,

Though late, ELECTIONEERING comes!—

Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums!

At length we change our wonted note,

And feast, all winter, on a vote.

Sure, canvassing was never hotter!

But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter*,

* Candidates for the city of Oxford.

At this grand crisis will succeed,
 We Freemen have not yet decreed.—
 Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
 To hear us talk of Member-making !
 Yet know, that we direct the state ;
 On us depends the nation's fate.—
 What though some Doctor's cast-off wig
 O'er shades my pate, not worth a fig ;
 My whole apparel in decay ;
 My beard unshav'd—on New-Year's day ;
 In me behold, (the land's Protector)
 A Freeman, Newsmen, and Elector !
 Though cold, and all unshod, my toes :—
 My breast for Britain's freedom glows :—
 Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
 It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.

Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
 By jovial cups, each evening, gratis ;

Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,
The customs of the coming year:—
In answer to this short EPISTLE,
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!



FOR THE YEAR 1770.

AS now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-Row,
Thus, like our Betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, tho' penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our JOURNAL gives in prose:—

“ Ye rural Squires, so plump and sleek,
“ Who study—JACKSON, once a week;

- “ While now your hospitable board
 “ With cold firloin is amply stor’d,
 “ And old October, nutmeg’d nice,
 “ Send us a tankard and a slice !
 “ Ye country Parsons, stand our friends,
 “ While now the driving fleet descends !
 “ Give us your antiquated canes,
 “ To help us through the miry lanes ;
 “ Or with a rusty grizzle wig
 “ This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
 “ Ye noble gem’men of the Gown,
 “ View not our verses with a frown !
 “ But, in return for quick dispatches,
 “ Invite us to your buttery-hatches !
 “ Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
 “ For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy ;
 “ Pride of fair Oxford’s gawdy streets,
 “ You too our strain submissive greets !
 “ Hear Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Harper !*—
 “ The weather sure was never sharper :—

* Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford.

- * Matron of Matrons, MARTHA BAGGS !
- " Dram your poor Newsmen clad in rags !
- " Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,
- " The Nation's—and the Newsmen's ruin :—
- " 'Tis your's our sorrows to remove ;
- " And if thus generous ye prove,
- " For friends so good we're bound to pray
- " Till—next returns a New-year's Day !"
- " Giv'n at our melancholy cavern,
- " The cellar of the SHEEP'S-HEAD TAVERN."



FOR THE YEAR 1771.

DELICIOUS news—a war with Spain !

New rapture fires our Christmas strain.

Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,

What bright victorious scenes arise !

What paragraphs of English glory

Will Master JACKSON set before ye !

The Governor of Buenos Ayres
 Shall dearly pay for his vagaries ;
 For whether NORTH, or whether CHATHAM,
 Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em :
 Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
 Ere long, will make the nation mellow :—
 Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
 Bellas the bold, and Parson Horne :
 Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
 The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
 The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal,
 Shall croud each column of our JOURNAL.—
 After a dreary season past,
 Our turn to live is come at last :
 Gen'als, and Admirals, and Jews,
 Contractors, Printers, MEN OF NEWS,
 All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
 And leave the works of peace to blockheads.

But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit—
 The war is not declar'd as yet :

And we, though now so blithe we sing,
 May all be press'd to serve the King!
 Therefore, meantime, our MASTERS dear,
 Produce your hospitable cheer:—
 While we, with much sincere delight,
 (Whether we publish news—or fight)
 Like England's undegenerate sons,
 Will drink—confusion to the Dons!

T H E
P H A E T O N,
A N D T H E
O N E - H O R S E C H A I R.

AT Blagrove's * once upon a time,
 There stood a PHAETON sublime:
 Unfollied by the duſty road
 It's wheels with recent crimſon glow'd;
 It's ſides diſplay'd a dazzling hue,
 It's harneſs tight, it's lining new:
 No ſcheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
 Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
 But fondly long'd to ſeize the reins,
 And whirl o'er Campſfield's † tempting plains.
 Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
 A ONE-HORSE CHAIR had took it's ſtand:
 When thus our vehicle begun
 To ſneer the luckleſs Chaiſe and One.

* Well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763.

† In the road to Blenheim.

" How could my Master place me here
 Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
 From classic ground pray shift thy station,
 Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
 Your homely make, believe me, man,
 Is quite upon the Gothic plan;
 And you, and all your clumsy kind,
 For lowest purposes design'd:
 Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
 To drag, for benefit of air,
 The country parson's pregnant wife,
 Thou friend of dull domestic life!
 Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
 To carry Dicky on a stool:
 Or, haply to some christening gay,
 A brace of godmothers convey.—
 Or, when blest Saturday prepares
 For London tradesmen rest from cares,
 'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
 Companion of their genial Sunday!

'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
 When timely show'rs the dust have laid,
 To bear some alderman serene
 To fragrant Hampstead's sylvan scene.
 Nor higher scarce thy merit-rises
 Among the polish'd sons of Isis:
 Hir'd for a solitary crown,
 Canst thou to schemes invite the gown?
 Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
 With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
 O'er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
 At humble Dorchester to dine!
 Meantime remember, lifeless drone!
 I carry Bucks and Bloods alone.
 And oh! whene'er the weather's friendly,
 What inn at Abingdon or Henly,
 But still my vast importance feels,
 And gladly greets my entering wheels!
 And think, obedient to the thong,
 How yon gay street we smoke along:

While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd so quick and true."

To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus sage the ONE-HORSE CHAIR reply'd.

" Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your spirit and parade ?
From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
To broken bones and impositions !
Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
Your schemes make work for GLASS and NOURSE.—
On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
From One-Horse Chairs men rise to Coaches;
If calm Discretion's steadfast hand,
With cautious skill the reins command.
From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings:
And Innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm sequester'd way:

E'en kings might quit their state to share
 Contentment and a One-Horse Chair.—
 What though, o'er yonder echoing street
 Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
 Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
 A RATTLE of a larger size?"

BLAGRAVE, who during the dispute,
 Stood in a corner, snug and mute,
 Surpriz'd, no doubt, in lofty verse,
 To hear his Carriages converse,
 With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
 To me disclos'd this wonderful tale:
 I strait dispatch'd it to the Muse,
 Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
 And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
 Added this moral at the close.

" Things may be useful tho' obscure;
 " The pace that's slow is often sure:

- “ When empty pageantries we prize,
“ We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
“ The GOLDEN MEAN can best bestow
“ Safety for unsubstantial show.”

M O R N I N G.

A N O D E.

The Author confined to College.

1745.

Scribimus inclusi. - - - - *PERS. Sat. I. V. 13.*

ONCE more the vernal fun's ambrosial beams
 The fields, as with a purple robe adorn :
 Charwell, thy sedgy banks, and glist'ring streams
 All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn ;
 Thro' the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,
 And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
 Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,
 The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
 And startle from her couch the early lark ;
 More genuine pleasure sooths his tranquil breast,
 Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory
 drest.

The pensive poet through the green-wood steals
 Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook;
 Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;

There fits him down beneath a branching oak,
 Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
 Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
 (Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
 A blank the beauty of the morning is,
 And grief and darkness all for light and grace;)
 Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
 Nor colour charms mine eye nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
 With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains;
 Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the Child,
 My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
 Nor can the cloister'd muse expand her wing,
 Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

O D E

T O A

G R I Z Z L E W I G.

By a Gentleman who had just left off his BOB.

ALL hail, ye CURLS, that rang'd in reverend row,
 With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide!
 That fall beneath in venerable flow,
 And crown my brows above with feathery pride!

High on your summit, Wisdom's mimick'd air
 Sits thron'd, with Pedantry her solemn fire,
 And in her net of awe-diffusing hair,
 Entangles fools, and bids the croud admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
 Sage Ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
 And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
 Unmeaning Gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large Wigs our reverence engage?
 Have Barbers thus the pow'r to blind our eyes?
 Is science thus conferr'd on every sage,
 By Baylifs, Blenkinfop, and lofty Wife? *

But thou, farewell, my BOB! whose thin-wove thatch
 Was stor'd with quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 That love to live within the one-curl'd Scratch,
 With fun, and all the family of smiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
 Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
 At eve my careless round in High-street took,
 And call'd at JOLLY's for the casual draught.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
 At skittles, in a Grizzle, can I play?
 Woodstock, farewell! and Wallingford, adieu!
 Where many a scheme reliev'd the lingering day.

* Eminent peruke-makers in Oxford.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
 Ere grave Preferment came my peace to rob :
 Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
 Beneath the Liceat of an humble BOB.

E P I S T L E,

FROM

THOMAS HEARN, ANTIQUARY,

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE, &c.

FRRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling
arch,

Who wont'st at eve to pace the long-lost bounds
Of lonesome Ofeney! What malignant fiend

Thy cloister-loving mind from antient lore

Hath base seduc'd? urg'd thy apostate pen

To trench deep wounds on Antiquaries sage,

And drag the venerable fathers forth,

Victims to laughter? Cruel as the mandate

Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoin'd

To throw aside the reverend letters black,

And print fast-prayers in modern Type!—At this

Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood,

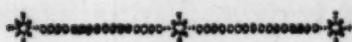
Illustrious names ! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
 Scald their old cheeks with tears ! For once they hop'd
 To seal thee for their own ! and fondly deem'd
 The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come
 To deck Antiquity with flowrets gay.

But now may curses every search attend
 That seems inviting ! May'st thou pore in vain
 For dubious door-ways ! May revengeful moths
 Thy ledgers eat ! May chronologic spouts
 Retain no cypher legible ! May crypts
 Lurk undiscern'd ! Nor may'st thou spell the names
 Of saints in storied windows ! Nor the dates
 Of bells discover ! Nor the genuine site
 Of Abbots' pantries ! And may Godstowe veil,
 Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms !

INSCRIPTION

OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING IN
 BLENHEIM-GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in **ME**
 An emblem of true Charity;
 Who, while my bounty I bestow,
 Am neither heard nor seen to flow.



J O B,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DECLARE, if heav'nly wisdom blefs thy tongue,
 When teems the **MOUNTAIN-GOAT** with promis'd
 young;

The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
 When feels the bounding **HIND** a mother's pain;

While, in th' oppressive agonies of birth,
 Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth?
 Why crop their lusty seed the verdant food?
 Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?

Say, whence the WILD-Ass wantons o'er the plain,
 Sports uncontroul'd, unconscious of the rein?
 'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
 The waste his house, the wilderness his home;
 He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,
 Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
 At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,
 His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.

Will the fierce UNICORN obey thy call,
 Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
 Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
 And thro' the furrow drag the tardy share?
 Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
 His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?

Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood
 With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road?
 Who paints the PEACOCK's train with radiant eyes,
 And all the bright diversity of dies?
 Whose hand the stately OSTRICH has supply'd
 With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
 Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way,
 Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;
 Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for blood,
 Or the rude foot may crush the future brood.
 In her no love the tender offspring share,
 No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
 For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
 Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress,
 Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
 Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidst the skies.
 Didst thou the HORSE with strength and beauty deck?
 Hast thou in thunder cloath'd his nervous neck?
 Will he, like groveling grasshoppers afraid,
 Start at each sound, at ev'ry breeze dismay'd?

A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
 And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
 He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
 Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
 When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
 Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
 Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
 "Is this," he cries, "the trumpet's warlike sound?"
 Eager he scents the battle from afar,
 And all the mingling thunder of the war.
 Flies the fierce HAWK by thy supreme command,
 To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
 Who bade th' aspiring EAGLE mount the sky,
 And build her firm aerial nest on high?
 On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
 Her fortress of defence she dares to keep;
 Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
 Inquisitive to ken the distant prey.
 Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguin'd plain,
 There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

THE PROGRESS OF
DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD IN THE YEAR 1746.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.
“ Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
“ And this my eldest son of nine;
“ My wife's ambition and my own
“ Was that this child should wear a gown:
“ I'll warrant that his good behaviour
“ Will justify your future favour;
“ And for his parts, to tell the truth,
“ My son's a very forward youth;

- “ Has Horace all by heart—you’d wonder—
 “ And mouths out Homer’s Greek like thunder.
 “ If you’d examine—and admit him,
 “ A scholarship would nicely fit him :
 “ That he succeeds ’tis ten to one ;
 “ Your vote and interest, Sir !”—’Tis done.

Our pupil’s hopes, tho’ twice defeated,
 Are with a scholarship compleated :
 A scholarship but half maintains,
 And college rules are heavy chains :
 In garret dark he smokes and puns,
 A prey to discipline and duns ;
 And now intent on new designs,
 Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
 That utmost wish is crown’d at last :
 But the rich prize no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot :

- “ These fellowships are pretty things,
 “ We live indeed like petty kings :
 “ But who can bear to waste his whole age
 “ Amid the dulness of a college,
 “ Debarr’d the common joys of life,
 “ And that prime bliss—a loving wife !
 “ O ! what’s a table richly spread
 “ Without a woman at it’s head !
 “ Would some snug benefice but fall,
 “ Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
 “ To offices I’d bid adieu,
 “ Of Dean, Vice Præs.—of Burfar too ;
 “ Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
 “ Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields !”

Too fond of freedom and of ease
 A Patron’s vanity to please,
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,
 Each frail Incumbent’s doubtful health ;

At length—and in his fortieth year,
 A living drops—two hundred clear !
 With breast elate beyond expression,
 He hurries down to take possession,
 With rapture views the sweet retreat—
 “ What a convenient house ! how neat !
 “ For fuel here’s sufficient wood ;
 “ Pray God the cellars may be good !
 “ The garden—that must be new plann’d—
 “ Shall these old-fashion’d yew-trees stand ?
 “ O’er yonder vacant plot shall rise
 “ The flow’ry shrub of thousand dies :—
 “ Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
 “ Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
 “ While thick beneath its aspect warm
 “ O’er well-rang’d hives the bees shall swarm,
 “ From which, ere long, of golden gleam
 “ Metheglin’s luscious juice shall stream :
 “ This awkward hut, o’ergrown with ivy,
 “ We’ll alter to a modern privy :

“ Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
 “ An avenue so cool and dim,
 “ Shall to an arbour, at the end,
 “ In spite of gout, entice a friend.
 “ My predecessor lov’d devotion—
 “ But of a garden had no notion.”

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
 He now commences country parson.
 To make his character entire,
 He weds—a Cousin of the 'Squire;
 Not over weighty in the purse,
 But many Doctors have done worse :
 And tho' she boasts no charms divine,
 Yet she can carve and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
 Finds his Church-wardens have discerning
 Both in good liquor and good learning;

With tythes his barns replete he fees,
 And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
 Studies to find out latent dues,
 And regulates the state of pews;
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
 To share the monthly clubs carousing;
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
 Plants colliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
 The earliest melons of the year;
 Thinks alteration charming work is,
 Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
 Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.—

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
 By cares domestic is oppress'd;

And a third Butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin :

For children fresh expences yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

“ Why did I sell my college life

“ (He cries) for benefice and wife ?

“ Return, ye days ! when endless pleasure

“ I found in reading, or in leisure !

“ When calm around the common room

“ I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !

“ Rode for a stomach, and inspected,

“ At annual bottlings, corks selected :

“ And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under

“ The portrait of our pious Founder !

“ When impositions were supply'd

“ To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—

“ No cares were then for forward peas

“ A yearly-longing wife to please ;

“ My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,

“ No children cry'd for butter'd toast ;

“ And ev’ry night I went to bed,

“ Without a Modus in my head !”

Oh ! trifling head, and fickle heart !

Chagrin’d at whatsoe’er thou art ;

A dupe to follies yet untry’d,

And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy’d !

Each prize possess’d, thy transport ceases,

And in pursuit alone it pleases.

P R O L O G U E

ON THE

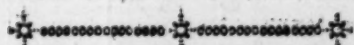
OLD WINCHESTER PLAYHOUSE,

OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

WHOE'ER our stage examines, must excuse
 The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
 Then kindly listen, while the Prologue rambles
 From wit to beef, from Shakespeare to the shambles!
 Divided only by one flight of stairs,
 The Monarch swaggers, and the Butcher swears!
 Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
 From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!
 While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
 Old Women scold, and Dealers d—n your eyes!
 Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
 There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.

Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
 And Heroes bleed above, and Sheep below !
 While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
 Rebellow to the roar the staggering ox.
 Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
 Kidnies and Kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
 Suet and figs, blank verse and blood abound,
 And form a tragi-comedy around.
 With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
 Confusion reigns—chaos is come again !
 Hither your steelyards, Butchers, bring, to weigh
 The pound of flesh, Anthonio's bond must pay !
 Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
 Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew !
 Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
 Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
 Gaze on sirloins, which ah ! we cannot carve,
 And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve !
 But would you to our house in crouds repair,
 Ye gen'rous Captains, and ye blooming Fair,

The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
 Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
 Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
 Nor pregnant Queens for cutlets long in vain.



A P A S T O R A L
 IN THE
 M A N N E R O F S P E N S E R

FROM THEOCRITUS. IDYLL. XX.

I.

AS late I strove LUCILLA's lip to kiss,
 She with discourtesee reprov'd my will;
 Dost thou, she said, affect so pleasant bliss,
 A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?
 Not Fancy's hand should join my courtly lip
 To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.

II.

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,
 And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
 She bragly turned her ungentle face,
 And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce :
 But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,
 Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.

III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair ?
 Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms ?
 Whilom mine head was sleek with tressed hayre,
 My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms :
 E'en KATE did deemen me the fairest swain,
 When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

IV.

My lip with vermil was embellished,
 My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
 The milk-white lilly, and the rose so red,
 Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,
 My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,
 My look was blythe as MARG'RET's at the mill.

V.

But she forsooth, more fair than MADGE or KATE,
 A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love ;
 Nor wist what THENOT told us swains of late ;
 That VENUS fought a shepherd in a grove ;
 Nor that a heav'nly God who PHOEBUS hight,
 To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.—

VI.

Ah ! 'tis that VENUS with accurst despight,
 That all my dolour, and my shame has made !
 Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
 For me one drop of pity sweet persuade ?
 Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,
 Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss !

O D E
O N T H E
A P P R O A C H O F S U M M E R.

*Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli,
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaveis dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.*

LUCRETIVS,

HENCE, iron-scepter'd WINTER, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by fleety show'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs;
Amid whose howling iles and halls,
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,

On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat :
Thy ruthless host stern EURUS guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :
Grim AUSTER, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue :
And COLD, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen ;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother FROST.

WINTER farewell ! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more ;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild !
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,

Sweetest SUMMER ! haste thee here,
 Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
 Thee APRIL blithe, as long of yore,
 Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
 With muskie nectar-trickling wing,
 (In the new world's first dawning spring,)
 To gather balm of choicest dews,
 And patterns fair of various hues,
 With which to paint in changeful die,
 The youthful earth's embroidery ;
 To cull the essence of rich smells
 In which to dip his new-born bells ;
 Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
 He found an infant, smiling sweet ;
 Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
 The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
 There on an amaranthine bed,
 Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;
 Till soon beneath his forming care,
 You bloom'd a goddess debonnair ;

And then he gave the blessed isle
 Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
 There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
 With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
 And to thy care the task assign'd
 With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
 His roseate infant-births to rear,
 Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,
 With thee lead a buxom band;
 Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
 With Sport that yellow-tressed boy.
 Leisure, that through the balmy sky,
 Chases a crimson butterfly.
 Bring Health that loves in early dawn
 To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
 Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
 Meek, cottage-loving shepherdes!

And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
 Light, and for ever on the wing.
 Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
 On river-margins, mossy green.
 But who is she, that bears thy train,
 Pacing light the velvet plain?
 The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
 Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
 'Tis May, the Grace——confest she stands
 By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
 Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
 Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
 With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,
 And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
 Has drest the groves in liv'ry green;
 When in each fair and fertile field
 Beauty begins her bow'r to build;

While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
 Puts her matron-mantle on,
 And mists in spreading steams convey
 More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;
 Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
 Contemplation hoar to meet,
 As slow he winds in museful mood,
 Near the rush'd marge of CHERWELL's flood ;
 Or o'er old AVON's magic edge,
 Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
 All playful yet, in years unripe,
 To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
 There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
 Sweet ev'ning objects intervene :
 His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
 Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.
 The woodman, speeding home, awhile
 Rests him at a shady stile.
 Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
 Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;

Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
 Nor grafs besprent to breathe perfume :
 Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
 To bathe in dew my roving feet :
 Nor wants there note of Philomel,
 Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell :
 Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
 Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot :
 Rustle the breezes lightly borne
 Or deep embattel'd ears of corn :
 Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
 Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
 Meantime, a thousand dies invest
 The ruby chambers of the West !
 That all astant the village tow'r
 A mild reflected radiance pour,
 While, with the level-streaming rays
 Far seen its arched windows blaze :
 And the tall grove's green top is dight
 In russet tints, and gleams of light :

So that the gay scene by degrees
 Bathes my blithe heart in extasies ;
 And Fancy to my ravish'd fight
 Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
 At length the parting light subdues
 My soften'd soul to calmer views,
 And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
 As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
 Till from the path I fondly stray
 In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;
 Wandering thro' the landscape still,
 Till Melancholy has her fill ;
 And on each moss-wove border damp,
 The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
 Sits throned in his highest tow'r ;
 Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :

To mix in rural mood among
 The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
 Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
 The russet piles to lean beneath:
 There as my listless limbs are thrown
 On couch more soft than palace down;
 I listen to the busy sound
 Of mirth and toil that hums around;
 And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
 Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass,

But ever, after summer-show'r,
 When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
 With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
 And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;
 By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
 Let me my wholesome path pursue;
 There issuing forth the frequent snail,
 Wears the dank way with slimy trail,

While as I walk, from pearled bush,
 The funny-sparkling drop I brush;
 And all the landscape fair I view
 Clad in robe of fresher hue:
 And so loud the black-bird sings,
 That far and near the valley rings,
 From shelter deep of shaggy rock
 The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
 From bowering beech the mower blithe
 With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
 While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
 His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
 Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
 O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
 Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
 Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
 Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;

Which, as they gush upon the ground,
 Still scatter misty dews around :
 A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
 Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;
 Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
 Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;
 Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
 In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
 While all without is scorch'd in day ;
 Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
 His with'ring hawthorn on the heath ;
 The drooping hedger wishes eve,
 In vain, of labour short reprieve !
 Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands
 Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands :
 Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
 Measures the scenes that boundless lie,

Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
 Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
 How does he with some cooling wave
 To flake his lips, or limbs to lave !
 And thinks, in every whisper low,
 He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
 Dim temple of sage Solitude !
 There within a nook most dark,
 Where none my musing mood may mark ;
 Let me in many a whisper'd rite
 The Genius old of Greece invite,
 With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
 Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
 Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
 On clear Ilissus laureate shore.—
 Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
 The raven wakes my tranced mind !

Or to the forest-fringed vale,
 Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
 Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
 Nod their tall heads to breezes weak :
 In the midst, with sedges grey
 Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
 And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
 Around an oozy freshness breathes.
 O'er the solitary green,
 Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen :
 Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
 Save that by fits an heifer lows :
 A scene might tempt some peaceful Sage
 To rear him a lone hermitage ;
 Fit place his penfive eld might chuse
 On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
 Some more romantic scene might please ;

Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
 By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn.
 Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,
 By legendary pens pourtray'd.
 Haste let me shroud from painful light,
 On that hoar hill's aerial height,
 In solemn state, where waving wide,
 Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
 The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
 Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
 Whence HARDYKNUTE, a baron bold,
 In Scotland's martial days of old,
 Descended from the stately feast,
 Begirt with many a warrior guest,
 To quell the pride of Norway's king,
 With quiv'ring lance and twanging string,
 As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
 Might I that holy legend find,
 By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
 To teach enquiring later times,

What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild Morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face,
Illumin'd smiles, with new-born grace ;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow ;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear ;
O ! every village charm beneath !
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath !
O beauteous, rural interchange !
The simple spire, and elmy grange !
CONTENT, indulging blisful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,

And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou, alone, O SUMMER mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes ;
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens ;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take !
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all ;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bow'r of bliss !
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve.
In valleys where mild whispers use ;
Of shade and stream, to court the muse ;

While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
It's tides a far-fam'd river pours :
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease !
Still grot of Peace ! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart :
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
 Send me a little, and content ;
 The faithful friend, and chearful night,
 The social scene of dear delight :
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,
 The musing eve, and idle day.
 Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit :
 To catch the bold heroic flame,
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise :
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds
 And paint heroic ancient deeds :
 To chant fam'd ARTHUR's magic tale,
 And EDWARD, stern in sable mail.
 Or wand'ring BRUTUS' lawless doom,
 Or brave BONDUCA, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesy,
 Let me live true votary !
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland !
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head :
 She, from my tender youthful cheek,
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
 The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear.
 She shall be my blooming bride,
 With her, as years successive glide,
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,
 For ever held in holy trance.

O D E

F O R

M U S I C,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE IN OXFORD,

ON THE SECOND OF JULY 1751.

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY APPOINTED BY

THE LATE LORD CREW, BISHOP OF DURHAM,

FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF

BENEFACTORS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;

Quique pii vates, & Phæbo digna locuti;

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;

Omnibus his — — — — — VIRGIL.

O D E

F O R

M U S I C.

I.

WHERE shall the Muse, that on { *Recitative*
Accomp.
the sacred shell,

Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The solemn strain delights to swell;
Oh! where shall Clio chuse a race,
Whom Fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?

Daughter and mistress of the sea, *Chorus.*

All-honour'd Albion hail!

Where'er thy Commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free;

All-honour'd Albion hail!

II.

Recit. But in this princely land of all that's good and
great,

Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;

Air I. Where Isis' waters wind

Along the sweetest shore,

That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic OXFORD stands;

Chorus. Virtue's awful throne!

Wisdom's immortal source!

Recit. Thee well her best lov'd may boasting Albion
own,

Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
From age to age has still successive stream'd;

Where Learning and where Liberty have nurs'd,
 For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
 Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

III.

In ancient days, when She, the Queen { *Recitative*
Accomp.
 endu'd

With more than female fortitude,
 Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight ;
 Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
 Pallas descended from the realms of light,
 Imperial Britoness ! thy kindred aid.
 As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,

The Goddess fought a cooling stream,
 By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
 Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.

Eager she view'd the wave,
 On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
 To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave ;
 And thus the watry nymph address'd.

Air II. " Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
 " Thy sweet refreshing stores impart :
 " A goddess from thy mossy brink
 " Asks of thy crystal stream to drink :
 " Lo ! Pallas asks the friendly gift ;
 " Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
 " Rise from the wave, propitious pow'r,
 " O listen from thy pearly bow'r."

IV.

Recit. Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
 As lonesome, in her secret cell,
 In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
 She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell :
 Then from her work arose the Nais mild ;

Air III. She rose, and sweetly smil'd
 With many a lovely look,
 That whisper'd soft consent :

Recit. She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
 To dip her casque, tho' dy'd in recent blood ;
 While Pallas, as the boon she took,

Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment.

“ For this, thy flood the fairest name *Air IV.*

“ Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,

“ Best fav'rite of the sons of fame,

“ Of every tuneful breast the pride :

“ For on thy borders, bounteous queen,

“ Where now the cowslip paints the green

“ With unregarded grace,

“ Her wanton herds where nature feeds,

“ As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds

“ She bends her silent pace ;

“ Lo ! there, to wisdom's Goddess dear,

“ A far-fam'd City shall her turrets rear,

“ There all her force shall Pallas prove ; *Recit.*

“ Of classic leaf with every crown,

“ Each olive, meed of old renown,

“ Each ancient wreath, which Athens

wove,

“ I'll bid her blooming bow'rs abound ;

“ And Oxford’s sacred seats shall tow’r

“ To thee, mild Nais of the flood,

“ The trophy of my gratitude !

“ The temple of my pow’r !”

V.

Recit. Nor was the pious promise vain ;

Soon illustrious Alfred came,

And pitch’d fair Wisdom’s tent on Isis’ plenteous plain.

Alfred, on thee shall all the Muses wait,

Air V. } Alfred, majestic name,
& Chorus. }

Of all our praise the spring !

Thee all thy sons shall sing,

Deck’d with the martial and the civic wreath :

In notes most awful shall the trumpet breath

To thee, GREAT ROMULUS of Learning’s richest state.

VI.

Recit. Nor Alfred’s bounteous hand alone,

Oxford, thy rising temples own :

Soon many a sage munificent,

The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned croud,
 Their ample bounty lent
 To build the beauteous monument,
 That Pallas vow'd.

And now she lifts her head sublime, { *Recit.*
Accomp.

Majestic in the mofs of time ;

Nor wants there Græcia's better part,

'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,

Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,

Wainflet and Wickham bravely plan'd ;

Nor decent Doric to dispense

New charms 'mid old magnificence ;

And here and there soft Corinth weaves

Her dedal coronet of leaves ;

Duet. While, as with rival pride their tow'rs invade
 the sky,

Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,

Which shall deserve the foremost place,

Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

VII.

Recit. O Isis ! ever will I chant thy praise :

Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre

With hands most skilful ; have their brows

entwin'd

With every fairest flower of Helicon,

The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious

choir ;

And bade the musing mind

Of every science pierce the pathless ways,

And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won

Air VI. But that thy sons have dar'd to feel

For Freedom's cause a sacred zeal ;

With British breast, and patriot pride,

Have still Corruption's cup defy'd ;

In dangerous days untaught to fear,

Have held the name of honour dear.

VIII.

Recit. But chief on this illustrious day,

The Muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.

Erewhile she strove with accents weak
 In vain to build the lofty rhyme ;
 At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
 She dares unfold her wing.

Hail hour of transport most sublime ! *Air VII.*
 In which, the man rever'd,
 Immortal CREW commands to sing,
 And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

IX.

Blest prelate, hail ! *Chorus.*
 Most pious patron, most triumphant theme !
 From whose auspicious hand
 On Isis' tow'rs new beauties beam,
 New praise her NURSING FATHERS gain ;
 Immortal CREW !

Blest prelate hail !
 E'en now fir'd fancy sees thee lead *Recit.*
 To Fame's high-seated fane
 The shouting band !
 O'er every hallowed head

Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread :
 Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view ;

Air VIII. And bids the Goddess lift

Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,

O CREW, thy consecrated gift,

And echo with his own in social strains thy name,

[*Chorus repeated,*

O D E

FOR THE

NEW YEAR, 1786*.

I.

“ D E A R to Jove, a genial isle,

“ Crowns the broad Atlantic wave ;

“ The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,

“ And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime :

“ There, in many a fragrant cave,

“ Dwell the Spirits of the brave,

“ And braid with amaranth their brows sublime.”

So feign'd the Grecian bards, of yore ;

And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest

A visionary shore,

That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye

Through the dark volume of futurity :

Nor knew that in the bright attire they drest

Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the West ;

* The Author being Poet Laureate.

Ere yet she claim'd old Ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the Tyrant's hand.

II.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme ?
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page :
And see, with all its strength, untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage,
O'er Calpe's cliffs, and steepy tow'rs,
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
And Death's own hand the dread artillery threw ;
While far along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew :
How triumph'd Elliott's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes !
And met the unwonted fight's terrific form ;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm !

III.

Is there an ocean, that forgets to roll

Beneath the torpid pole?

Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?

Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.

The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine

In vain his adamant breast-plate wears:

To search coy Nature's guarded mine,

She bursts the barriers of th' indignant ice;

O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears:

And rousing far around the polar sleep,

Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,

She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.

She speeds, at George's sage command,

Society from deep to deep,

And zone to zone she binds;

From shore to shore, o'er every land,

The golden chain of commerce winds.

IV.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
 Her own rich woof's exhaustless store ;
 Her native fleece new fervour feels,
 And wakens all its whirling wheels,
 And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye ;
 More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
 In firmer bands domestic commerce weds,
 And calls her Sister-isle to share the tie :

Nor heeds the violence that broke
 From filial realms her old parental yoke !

V.

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
 Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof ;

Firm as the castle's feudal roof,

Stands the Briton's social home.—

Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot !
 Right, Order, Law, protect her simplest plain ;
 Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,

And watch around the forest cot.
 With conscious certainty, the swain
 Gives to the ground his trusted grain,
 With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes ;
 And claims the ripe autumnal gold,
 The meed of toil, of industry the prize.
 For ours the King, who boasts a parent's praise,
 Whose hand the people's sceptre sways ;
 Ours is the Senate, not a specious name,
 Whose active plans pervade the civil frame :
 Where bold debate its noblest war displays,
 And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide
 Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

VI.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
 Each captious doubt, and cautious fear !
 Nor blast the new-born year,
 That anxious waits the spring's slow-shooting ray :
 Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.

With candid glance, th' impartial Muse
 Invok'd on this auspicious morn,
 The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
 And breaks Opinion's speculative gloom :
 Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
 Full right she spells the characters of Fate,
 That Albion still shall keep her wonted state !
 Still, in eternal story, shine,
 Of Victory the sea-beat shrine ;
 The source of every splendid art,
 Of old, of future worlds, the universal mart.

O D E

FOR HIS

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1786.

I.

WHEN Freedom nurs'd her native fire
 In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
 Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
 The tinsel gifts of flattery tore;
 But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
 And to the throne of virtuous kings,
 Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
 From truth's unprostituted shore,
 The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.

II.

'Twas thus Alcæus smote the manly chord;
 And Pindar on the Persian Lord
 His notes of indignation hurl'd,
 And spurn'd the minstrel slaves of eastern sway,
 From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame;

But o'er the diadem, by Freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd:

Thus to his Hiero decreed,
'Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay;

And gave an ampler meed
Of Pisan palms, than in the field of Fame
Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed:
And hail'd his scepter'd champion's patriot zeal,
Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal;
From civil plans who claim'd applause,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

III.

And he, sweet master of the Doric oat,
Theocritus, forsook awhile
The graces of his pastoral isle,
The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
The clusters on the sunny steep,
And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,

The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
 The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,
 And Etna's hoar romantic pile :
 And caught the bold Homeric note,
 In stately sounds exalting high
 The reign of bounteous Ptolemy :
 Like the plenty-teeming tide
 Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
 O'er the cheer'd nations, far and wide,
 Diffusing opulence, and public good :
 While in the richly-warbled lays
 Was blended Berenice's name,
 Pattern fair of female fame,
 Softening with domestic life
 Imperial splendour's dazzling rays,
 The queen, the mother, and the wife !

IV.

To deck with honour due this festal day,
 O for a strain from these sublimer bards !

Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
 Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
 Invok'd the jealous panegyric Muse ;
 Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
 Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
 Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards !
 For peerless bards like these alone,
 The bards of Greece might best adorn,
 With seemly song, the Monarch's natal morn ;
 Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
 Rivals their richest regal theme :
 Who rules a people like their own,
 In arms, in polish'd arts supreme ;
 Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

O D E

FOR THE

NEW YEAR, 1787.

I.

IN rough magnificence array'd,
 When ancient Chivalry display'd
 The pomp of her heroic games ;
 And crested chiefs, and tiffued dames,
 Assembled, at the clarion's call,
 In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall,
 To grace romantic glory's genial rites :
 Associate of the gorgeous festival,
 The Minstrel struck his kindred string,
 And told of many a steel-clad king,
 Who to the turney train'd his hardy knights ;
 Or bore the radiant redcross shield
 Mid the bold peers of Salem's field ;
 Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
 The wifard foe's terrific spell ;

In rude affrays untaught to fear

The Saracen's gigantic spear.

The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme
With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their plumes
sublime.

II.

Such were the themes of regal praise
Dear to the Bard of elder days ;
The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear !
Ere Polity, fedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage,
Had stemm'd the torrent of eternal strife,
And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
No more, in formidable state,
The castle shuts its thundering gate ;
New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life ;
No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
Adventurous Valour idly bleeds :

And now the Bard in alter'd tones,
 A theme of worthier triumph owns;
 By social imagery beguil'd,
 He moulds his harp to manners mild;
 Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,
 Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the Gothic
 throne.

III.

And now he tunes his plaufive lay
 To Kings, who plant the civic bay;
 Who choofe the patriot fovereign's part,
 Diffufing commerce, peace, and art;
 Who fpread the virtuous pattern wide,
 And triumph in a nation's pride:
 Who feek coy Science in her cloifter'd nook,
 Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artlefs tide;
 Who love to view the vale divine*,
 Where revel Nature and the Nine,
 And cluftering towers the tufted grove o'erlook;

* Nuneham, near Oxford.

To Kings, who rule a filial land,
Who claim a People's vows and pray'rs,
Should Treason arm the weakest hand !
To These, his heart-felt praise he bears,
And with new rapture hastes to greet
This festal morn, that longs to meet,
With luckiest auspices, the laughing spring;
And opes her glad career, with blessings on her wing!

O D E .

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1787.

I.

TH E noblest Bards of Albion's choir

Have struck of old this festal lyre.

Ere Science, struggling oft in vain,

Had dar'd to break her Gothic chain,

Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough

Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow :

Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime

His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime ;

In tones majestic hence he told

The banquet of Cambuscan bold ;

And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme

Has moulder'd to the touch of time)

His martial master's knightly board,

And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd ;

The prince in fable steel that sternly frown'd,

And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath renown'd.

II.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
 The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
 Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
 To grace Eliza's golden sway:
 O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
 He chose the gorgeous allegoric Muse,
 And call'd to life old Uther's elfin tale,
 And rov'd thro' many a necromantic vale,
 Pourtraying chiefs that knew to tame
 The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
 To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
 Where Virtue sate in lonely thrall.
 From fabling Fancy's inmost store
 A rich romantic robe he bore;
 A veil with visionary trappings hung,
 And o'er his virgin-queen the fairy texture flung.

III.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
 To light the Muses' clearer flame;
 To lofty numbers grace to lend,
 And strength with melody to blend;
 To triumph in the bold career of song,
 And roll th' unwearied energy along.
 Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
 Does servile fear, disgrace his regal bays?

I spurn his panegyric strings,
 His partial homage, tun'd to kings!
 Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
 That paints th' impassion'd Persian lord,
 By glory fir'd, to pity su'd,
 Rouz'd to revenge, by love subdu'd;
 And still, with transport new, the strains to trace
 That chant the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly
 vase.

IV.

Had these blest Bards been call'd, to pay
 The vows of this auspicious day,
 Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
 A mightier sovereign than his own !
 Chaucer had bade his hero-monarch yield
 The martial fame of Cressy's well-fought field
 To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
 That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm :
 His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
 His colourings, warm from Fiction's loom,
 Spenser had cast in scorn away,
 And deck'd with truth alone the lay ;
 All real here, the Bard had seen
 The glories of his pictur'd Queen !
 The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
 His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere !

O D E

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1788.

I.

RUDE was the pile, and massy-proof,

That first uprear'd its haughty roof

On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state :

The Norman tyrant's jealous hand

The giant-fabric proudly plann'd :

With recent victory elate,

“ On this majestic steep,” he cried,

“ A regal fortress, threatening wide,

“ Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills ;

“ Its formidable shade shall throw

“ Far o'er the broad expanse below,

“ Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills

“ With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,

“ The fairest fields that deck my new domain !

“ And London's towers, that reach the watch-
man's eye, [the sky.”

“ Shall see, with conscious awe my bulwark climb

II.

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
 Stood the rough dome in fullen grace;
 Still on its angry front defiance frown'd :
 Though monarchs kept their state within,
 Still murmur'd with the martial din
 The gloomy gateway's arch profound ;
 And armed forms, in airy rows,
 Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
 And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head ;
 And oft its hoary ramparts wore
 The rugged scars of conflict fore ;
 What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring mead,
 Th' indignant Barons rang'd in bright array
 Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway ;
 And leagu'd a Briton's birthright to restore,
 From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

III.

When lo, the king that wreath'd his shield,
 With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,
 Heav'd from its base the mouldering Norman
 frame!—

New glory cloath'd th' exulting steep,
 The portals tower'd with ampler sweep;
 And Valour's soften'd Genius came,
 Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
 Of triumph through the trophied hall;
 And War was clad awhile in gorgeous weeds;
 Amid the martial pageantries,
 While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
 And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
 Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
 A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
 Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,
 And call'd his stripling-quire, to woo the willing
 Nine.

IV.

To this imperial seat to lend
 Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
 British magnificence with Attic art ;
 Proud Castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
 Lo ! Picture bids her glowing powers
 Their bold historic groups impart :
 She bids th' illuminated pane,
 Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,
 Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
 Still may such arts of Peace engage
 Their Patron's care ! But should the rage
 Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
 Britain arise, and wake th' slumbering fire,
 Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire !
 Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe ;
 And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold
 the blow !

O D E

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1788.

I.

WHAT native Genius taught the Britons bold
 To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old ?
 'Twas Liberty : she taught disdain
 Of death, of Rome's imperial chain.

She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
 In tones prophetic, thro' the gloom profound
 Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung ;
 From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung ;
 Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,

And, rough with many a veteran scar,
 Swept the pale legions with the scythed car,

While baffled Cæsar fled, to gain
 An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain ;
 And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
 Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state !

II.

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
 The sons of Saxon Elva bore ;
 Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
 Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
 In that bright Hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
 With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone ;
 Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
 Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within :
 Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
 They felt the fires of social zeal,
 The peaceful wisdom of the public weal ;
 Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
 They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life ;
 The king's, the people's, balanc'd claims to found
 On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

III.

Sudden, to shake the Saxons mild domain,
 Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,

From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
 To genial England's scenes beguil'd ;
 And in his clamorous van exulting came
 The demons foul of Famine and of Flame :
 Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
 With many a frowning foss and airy mound,
 Which yet his desultory march proclaim !—
 Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
 Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' intestine foe ;
 And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
 To brave atchievement, and to counsel sage ;
 For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
 Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds !

IV.

But see, triumphant o'er the southern wave,
 The Norman sweeps !—Tho' first he gave
 New grace to Britain's naked plain,
 With Arts and Manners in his train ;
 And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
 In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time ;

And castle fair, that, stript of half its towers,
 From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lours :
 Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime ;

Each eve, the curfew's notes severe
 (That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)

At the new tyrant's stern command,
 Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land ;
 While proud Oppression o'er the ravish'd field
 High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal
 shield.

V.

Stoop'd then that Freedom to despotic sway,
 For which, in many a fierce affray,
 The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
 His Danish javelins Lefwin led
 O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke ?
 She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke :
 The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot-steel,
 And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel ;
 And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.

And still, unchang'd and uncontrol'd,
 Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold :
 For lo, revering Britain's cause,
 A King new lustre lends to native laws !
 The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
 On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray !

M O N S

C A T H A R I N Æ,

PROPE WINTONIAM.

AERII Catharina jugi quà vertice summo,
 Danorum veteres fossas, immania castra,
 Et circumducti servat vestigia valli;
 Wiccamicæ mos est pubi, celebrare palæstras
 Multiplices, passimque levi contendere lusu,
 Festa dies quoties rediit, concessaque rite
 Otia, purpureoque rubentes lumine soles,
 Invitant, tetricæ curas lenire Minervæ,
 Librorumque moras, et iniqua remittere pensa.

Ergo, Cecropiæ quales æstate cohortes,
 Siquando ceras, nondumque tenacia linquunt
 Mella vagæ, luduntque favis examina missa,
 Mox studio majore novos obitura labores;

Egreditur pullatum agmen ; camposque patentes
 Occupat, ingentisque tenet spatia ardua clivi.
 Nec mora ; quisque suos mores, animumque fateri,
 Ingeniumque sequi, propriæque accingier arti.
 Pars aciem instituunt, et justo utrinque phalanges
 Ordine, et adversæ positis stant fortibus alæ.
 His datur, orbiculum metis prohibere propinquis,
 Præcipitique levem per gramina mittere lapsu :
 Ast aliis, quorum pedibus fiducia major,
 Excubias agitare vagas, cursuque citato
 Sectari, et jam jam salienti insistere prædæ ;
 Usque adeo stimulat rapidus globus ire sequaces
 Ancipiti de colle, pilæque volubilis error.
 Impete seu valido elatum, et sublime volantem
 Suspiciunt, pronosque inhiant ex aëre lapsus,
 Sortiti fortunam oculis ; manibusque paratis
 Expectant propiorem, intercipiuntque caducum.

At pater Ichinus viridantes, vallibus imis,
 Quà reficit falices, subductæ in margine ripæ,

Pars vegetos nudant artus, et flumina saltu
Summa petunt: jamque alternis placidum ictibus
æquor

In numerum, pedibusque secant, et remige plantâ;
Jamque ipso penitus merguntur gurgite, pronò
Corpore, spumantemque lacum sub vertice torquent.
Protinus emerfis, nova gratia crinibus udis
Nascitur, atque oculis subito micat acribus ignis
Lætior, impubesque genæ formosiùs ardent.

Interea licitos colles, atque otia jussâ,
Illi indignantes, ripæ ulterioris amore,
Longinquos campos, et non sua rura capeffunt.
Sive illos (quæ corda solet mortalia passim)
In vetitum mens prona nefas, et iniqua cupido
Sollicitet; novitasve trahat dulcedine mirâ
Infuetos tentare per avia pascua calles:
Seu malint secum obscuros captare recessus,
Secreto faciles habituri in margine Musas:
Quicquid erit, cursu pavitanti, oculisque retortis,

Fit furtiva via, et suspectis passibus itur.
 Nec parvi stetit ordinibus cessisse, locumque
 Deferuisse datum, et signis abiisse relictis.

Quin lusu incerto cernas gestire Minores ;
 Usque adeo instabiles animos nova gaudia lactant !
 Se saltu exercent vario, et luctantur in herbâ,
 Innocuasve edunt pugnas, aut gramine molli
 Otia agunt fusi, clivisque sub omnibus hærent.
 Aut Aliquis tereti ductos in marmore gyros
 Suspiciens, miratur inextricabile textum ;
 Sive illic Lemurum populus sub nocte choreas
 Plauferit exiguas, viridesque attriverit herbas ;
 Sive olim pastor fidos descripserit ignes,
 Verbaque difficili composita reliquerit orbe,
 Confusasque notas, impressaque cespite vota.

At Juvenis, cui sunt meliores pectore sensus,
 Cui cordi rerum species, et dædalus ordo,
 Et tumulum capit, et sublimi vertice solus,

Quæ latè patuere, oculos fert singula circum.
 Colle ex opposito, flaverit campus aristâ
 Aureus, adversoque refulgent jugera sole :
 At procul obscuri fluctus, et rura remotis
 Indiciis, et disjunctæ juga cærule Vectæ :
 Sub pedibus, perfusa uligine pascua dulci,
 Et tenues rivi, et sparsis frondentia Tempe
 Arboribus, faxoque rudi venerabile templum
 Apparet, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ.
 Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit ulmis
 Wiccamici domus alma chori, notissima Musis :
 Nec procul ampla ædes, et eodem læta patrono,
 Ingens delubrum, centum sublime fenestris,
 Erigitur, magnâque micant fastigia mole.
 Hinc atque hinc extat vetus Urbs, olim inclyta bello,
 Et muri disjecti, et propugnacula lapsa ;
 Infectique Lares, lævisque palatia ducta
 Auspiciis. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo,
 Et tacitam permulcet imago plurima mentem.

O felix Puerorum ætas, luceſque beatæ !
 Vobis dia quies animis, et triſtia vobis
 Nondum ſollicitæ ſubierunt tædia vitæ !
 En ! vobis roſeo ore ſalus, curæque fugaces,
 Et lacrymæ, ſiquando, breves ; dulceſque cachinni,
 Et faciles, ultrò nati de pectore, riſus !
 O fortunati nimium ! Si talia conſtent
 Gaudia jam pueris, Ichinum propter amænum,
 Ah ! ſedes ambire novas quæ tanta cupido eſt,
 Dotalemque domum, et promiſſas Iſidis undas ?
 Ipſos illa licèt fœcundo flumine lucos
 Pieridum fortunatos, et opima vireta,
 Irriget, Iliffò par, aut Permeſſidos amni,
 Et centum oſtentet ſinuoso in margine turres.

SACELLUM COLL. SS. TRIN. OXON.
 INSTAURATUM,

Suppetias præfertim conferente

RAD. BATHURST, ejusdem Coll. Præf. et
 Ecclesiæ Wellensis Decano.

Q U O cultu renovata dei penetralia, tristi
 Dudum obducta situ, senioque horrentia longo,
 Squallorem exuerint veterem, turpesque tenebras;
 Utque novam faciem, mutataque mœnia ritè
 Sumpserit instaurata ædes, specieque refurgens
 Cæperit insuetâ priscum splendescere fanum,
 Auspice BATHURSTO, canimus: Tu, Diva, secundum
 Da genium, et quales ipsi Romana canenti
 Carmina, Nasonis facilem superantia venam,
 BATHURSTO annueras, Latios concede lepores.

Quippe ubi jam Graiis moles innixa columnis
 Efigitur nitidæ normam confessa Corinthi,

Vitruviumque refert justissima fabrica verum ;
 Quaque, Hospes, vario mirabere culmina fuko
 Vivida, et ornatos multo molimine muros,
 Olim cernere erat breviori limite clausum
 Obscurumque adytum ; dubiam cui rara fenestra
 Admisit lucem, rudibus suffusa figuris ;
 Quale pater pietati olim sacrârat avitæ
 POPIUS, et rite antiquâ decoraverat arte :
 At veteres quondam quicunque insigniit aras
 Tandem extinctus honos : rerum fortuna subinde
 Tot tulerat revoluta vices, et, certior hostis,
 Paulatim quassata fatiscere fecerat ætas
 Tecta ruens ; quæ nunc et Wrenni dædala dextra,
 Et pietas BATHURSTI æquat pulcherrima cœlo.

Verùm age, nec faciles, Hospes, piget omnia circum
 Ferre oculos. Adsis ; qualisque ereptus ab undis
 Æneas, Lybicæ postquam successerat urbi,
 Constitit artificumque manus, operumque laborem
 Miratus, pictoque in pariete nota per orbem

Bella, sub ingenti collustrans singula templo ;
 Non minùs et donis opulentum, et numine plenum
 Suspice majori templum, nitidoque receptus
 Vestibulo, quanti pateant spectacula torni
 Contemplator, et oppositum cœlamine Septum
 Raro interfusum, quali perluceat arte !
 Queis inflexa modis, quo sit perfusa nitore
 Sculptilis, et nimiùm conspectu lubrica cedrus !
 At Cancellorum non enarrabile textum,
 Autumni spoliis, et multâ messe gravatum,
 Occupat in medio, et binas demittit in alas
 Porticus, et plexâ præfixis fronde columnis
 Utrunque incubuit, penetralique ostia fecit.
 Nec sua pro foribus desunt, spirantia signa,
 Fida satellitia, atque aditum servantia tantum :
 Nonne vides fixos in cœlum tollere vultus,
 Ingentesque Dei monitus haurire, fideli
 Et calamo Christum victuris tradere chartis ?
 Halat opus, Lebanique refert fragantis odorem.

Perge modò, utque acies amplectier omnia possit,
 Te mediis immitte choris, delubraque carpe
 Interiora inhians ; quæque obvia surgere cernis
 Paulisper flexo venerans altaria vultu,
 Siste gradum, atque oculos refer ad fastigia summa.
 Illic divinos vultus, ardentiaque ora,
 Nobilis expressit calamus, cœlumque reclusit.
 In medio, domitâ jam morte et victor Iësus
 Ætherium molitur iter, nebulisque coruscis
 Insistens, repetit patrem, intermissaque sceptrâ.
 Agnosco radiis flagrantia tempora densis,
 Vulneraque illa (nefas !) quæ ligno maxima fixus
 Victimâ sustulerat fatali : innubilus æther
 Desuper, et puræ vis depluit aurea lucis.
 At vario, per inane, dei comitatus, amictu
 Cælestes formæ, fulgentque insignibus alis.
 Officio credas omnes trepidare fideli :
 Pars sequitur longè, veneraturque ora volantis,
 Pars aptare humeros Divo, et substernere nubes
 Purpureas, caroque oneri succedere gaudent
 Certatim, pariturquè juvant augentque triumphum.

Nec totum in tabulâ est culmen: quâ cœrula clausit
 Extrema, atque oras picturæ muniit aurum,
 Protinus hinc sese species nitidissima rerum
 Utrinque explicuit, cæmento ducta sequaci.
 Tali opifex facilem massam disponere tracta
 Calluit, argillæ secernens uvida fila
 Mobilis, ut nullas non sint induta figuras
 In quascunque levis digitus diducere vellet.
 Nec confusus honos operi; secretaque rite
 Areolam sculptura suam sibi vindicat omnis.
 Prima ipsam niveo, circumque supraquè, tabellam
 Prætexit, sinuans alterna volumina, plexu,
 Frondeaque intortos producit fimbria gyros.
 Hinc atque hinc patulæ pubescunt vimina palmæ
 Vivaces effusa comas, intextaque pomis
 Turgidulis, varioque referta umbracula fœtu,
 Cui pleno invideat subnitens Copia cornu:
 Hac procuduntur flores, pulcherrima ferta,
 Qualia vere novo peperit cultissimus hortus;
 Queis vix viva magis, meliusvè effingere novit,

Dexterâ acu pollens, calathisque assueta Minervæ,
 Omnes illa licèt, quot parturit Enna, colores
 Temperet, expediens variis discrimina filis,
 Atque auro rigeat dives subtemen et ostro.
 At ne aciem deflecte, tuendi captus amore.
 Aspicias, ut diam nubes refecare columbam,
 Suppositis fecitque opifex allabier aris ?
 Hanc circum et Christi fatum referencia, sævæ
 Instrumenta artis, magnique insignia Lethi,
 Addidit ; informes contortâ cuspide clavos,
 Sanguineas capitis spinas, crepitantia flagra,
 Ipsam etiam, quæ membra Dei morientis, et ora
 Heu ! collapsa Crucem mundique piacula gessit.

At quâ marmoreis gradibus se mystica mensa
 Subrigit, et dives divini altare cruoris,
 En, qualis murum a tergo præcinxit amictus,
 Cedrinæque trabes, adversique æmula Septi
 Materies, pariterque potentis conscia torni.
 Verum ipsos evade gradus, nec longiùs abstes,

Quin propiore oculo, cupidique indagine visus,
 Angliaci explores divinum opus Alcimedontis :
 Ne tenues formæ fugiant, et gratia ligni
 Exilis pereantque levis vestigia ferri
 Mollia, subtilisque lepos intercidat omnis.
 Quis fabri dabit infidias, arcanaque fila,
 Rimari ! Retinent quæ vincula textile buxum,
 Et quales cohibent suspenſa toreumata nodi !
 Hinc atque hinc crescit foliorum pensilis umbra,
 Et partita trahit pronos utrobique corollos,
 Maturisque riget baccis, et germina pandit :
 Quales e tereti dependent undique trunco
 Undantes hederæ, et densis coma foeta corymbis.
 Inter opus pennatarum paria alma cherubum
 Ambrosios lucent crines, impubiaque ora.
 In summo veneranda calix, incisaque messis
 In spicam induitur, turgentisque uva racemos
 Rafilis explicuit, sacrae libamina cœnæ.
 Tale decus nunquam impressit candenti elephantō,
 Non Pario lapidi, non flavo Dædalus auro,
 Quale faber buxo, gracilique in stipite lufit.

En verò, tumulum ingentem quàm proxima clausit
 Testudo, priscae effigies, et busta propinquis
 Non indigna aris ! Salve, sanctissime POPULI !
 Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
 Adsumus : O salve ! neque enim, pater optime, credo,
 Elyfias inter sedes, divosque repòstus,
 Et cum dilecto ducens dia otia MORO *,
 Negligis ulteriora pii monumenta laboris,
 Alterius monumenta manûs, et non tua dona.
 Alme Parens, salveto ! Tuum est vestigia vulgi
 Quod fugiam : Tu das inopis crudelia vitæ
 Tædia solari, afflictis spes unica rebus,
 Et finis Aonidum viridantes ire per hortos.
 Te, pater, et fidâ tua facta reponere mente,
 Et memor assiduas tibi rite resolvere grates,
 Ora puer dubiâ signans intonsa juventa,
 Consueram, primis et te venerabar ab annis.
 Nec vano augurio sanctis cunabula Musis
 Hæc posuisti olim, nec spes frustrata fefellit

* D. THOMA MORE, amico suo singulari.

Magna animo meditantem, et præmia larga ferentem:
 Unde tot Aoniâ stant ordine tempora Lauro
 Velati, donoque æternæ frondis Alumni.

ALLENI rerum referans abstrusa senectus,
 Et torquere sagax rationis lucida tela
 Omnia CHILVORTHUS *, patriosque recludere ritus
 SELDENUS solers, et magnificus SHELDONUS,
 Et juga DENHAMII monstrans ignota camænis:
 Tuque etiam, BATHURSTE, potens et mente manuque
 Palladis exercere artes, unaquæ tueri.
 Ergo tibi quoties, POPI, solennia vota
 Rite rependamus, propriosque novemus honores,
 Tuque etiam socias, BATHURSTE, merebere laudes,
 Divisum decus, et lauro cingere secundâ.—
 Nec te sola Tuum, licet optima cura, sacellum
 Occupat: en! prope plura facis, nec dispare sumptu,
 Atria moliris ritu concinna recenti,
 Summissas propter sedes; majoraque mandas
 Ipsius incrementa domus, reficisque Penates.

* CHILLINWORTH.

Sic ubi, non operosa adeo primordia fassus,
 Romulus exiguum muro concluderat urbem,
 Per tenues primò plateas arx rara micare,
 Ipsaque stramineo constabat regia culmo;
 At postquam Augustus rerum successit habenis,
 Continuo Parii lapidis candentia luce
 Tecta refulsere; et Capitoli immobile saxum
 Vertice marmoreo stetit, et laquearibus aureis,

COLL. TRIN. OXON. 1748.

EURIPIDIS ANDROMACHE.

V. 102.

CUM Paris, O Helene, te celsa in Pergama duxit,

Et miser illicitos jussit adire toros,

Heu ! non conjugii læti florentia dona,

Quin secum Alectô, Tisiphonemque, tulit.

Illius ob Furias, fidens Mars mille carinis

Te circum rutilis, Troja, dedit facibus !

Illius ob Furias, cecidisti, care marite,

Hector ! Achillæis rapte, marite, rotis !

Ipsa autem e thalamis agor ad cava littora ponti,

Servitii gravidâ nube adoperta caput,

Ah ! mihi quæ stillant lacrymæ ! Trojamque, to-

rumque,

Et scædo fufum in pulvere linquo virum !

Quid juvat ulteriùs cæli convexa tueri ?

Scilicet Hermionis sordida ferva feror :

Et Thetidis complexa pedes, liquefio, perennis

Qualis præcipiti quæ pluit unda jugo.

MELEAGRI EPITAPHIUM IN UXOREM,

EX ANTHOLOGIA*.

MITTO tibi lacrymas O Heliodora, sub Orcum,

In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.

Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum

Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe !

Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam

Defleo ; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.—

O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus ? abstulit Orcus.—

Fædavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.

Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ

Mollitèr, & fido salva fovere sinu.

* Utinam, pro sale & acumine, quibus lautitiis adeo delectari videmus recentes *postas*, simplex tandem lepos, quo solo jucundissimoque veteres utebantur condimento, restitui possit & adhiberi !

ANTIPATRI, EX ANTHOLOGIA.

HIS natam Antigones orabat vocibus olim

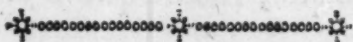
e/ Ævi cum traherit fila suprema senex :

“ O Virgo formosa, O dulcis nata, minister

Vitæ inopis semper fit tibi cura colus.

Mox cum te fociarit Hymen, tua maxima dos fit,

Te castæ mores matris habere probos."



CARYPHILLIDÆ, EX ANTHOLOGIA.

ME A M præteriens, Viator, urnam,

Non est quod lacrymâ riges sepultum;

Nam nil et mihi mortuo dolendum est,

Conjux una mihi, fuitque fida,

Quâ cum consenui; dedique natos

Tres in fœdera fausta nuptiarum;

Ex queis, sæpe mihi in finu tepenti,

Sopivi pueros puellulasque :

Qui tandem Inferiis mihi relatis,

Misere ambrosios patrem sopores

Dormitum, Elyfii virente ripâ.

CALLIMACHI IN CRETHIDA.

DOCTA est dulcè loqui, puellulasque
 Inter ludere docta pervenustè;
 Te CRETHI, Samiæ tuæ resposcunt;
 Cujus garrulitate mollicellâ,
 Suerant lanifici levare curas.
 At tu furda jaces; trahisque somnos
 Cunctis denique, Crethi, dormiendos!



A N T I P A T R I,

EX. MSS. BODLEIANIS ANTHOL. CEPHAL.

ERGO te nitidæ decus palæstræ,
 Te lætum validæ labore luctæ,
 Et perfusa oleo videre membra,
 Nunc, Protarche, pater tegit sepulchro,
 Congestisque recondit ossa saxi?
 Necdum filiolæ modo peremptæ

Cessit cura recens, novique luctus
 Acer funeris, O fidelis uxor,
 Te præreptâ etiam parique fato.
 At postquam ferus Orcus hausit, et spes
 Et solatia vos gravis senectæ,
 Hunc vobis lapidem memor reponit.



VOTUM PANI FACTUM.

ANTHOL. L. 7.

SUSPENSAM e Platano Telefon tibi, Capripes

O Pan,

Pellem villosæ dat pia dona, feræ.

Curvatamque caput, nodoso e stipite clavam,

Quæ modò depulsi fœda cruore lupi est.

Concretoque aptum lacti mulctrale, et odoros

Queis tenuit clausos, ferrea vincla, canes.

IN TUMULUM ARCHILOCHI.

HIC est Archilochus situs. Veneno

Primus novit amara viperino

Qui contingere carmina ; et cruore

Permessi liquidas notavit undas.

Testis, qui tribus orbus est puellis,

Suspensis laqueo truci, Lycambes.

Tu cauto pede præteri viator,

Crabones aliter ciebis, ejus

Qui busto sibi condidère nidum.



A N T I P A T R I,

EX ANTHOLOGIA.

CUR me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,

Me quam delectant roscida rura vagam ?

Me quæ nympharum sum Musa ? atque æthere fudo,

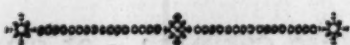
Hinc recino umbrosis saltubus, inde jugis.

En! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido est,

Quæ late fulcos diripuere Satos.

Quæ vastant fruges captare & fallere fas est,

Roscida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.



ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS
EPIGR.

TE verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,
Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox;

Te tua quæ peperit mater: gladiumque recenti
Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,

Dentibus & graviter stridens, quasique Lacæna,
Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,

“ Linque, ait, Eurotam; & si mors est dura, sub
Orcum

“ Effuge; non meus es; non Lacedæmonius.”

E X A N T H O L O G I A.

L I B. 4. C A P. 33.

TE tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
 Fato succubuisse nunciatum est ;
 Quo rumore, misellus, impotentes
 Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus :
 Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim
 Dulci consueramus ambo longos
 Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.
 Verum, Tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—
 Ah dudum—in cineres redacte dudum !
 Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, & urbe Carûm ?
 Tuæ Lusciniaë tamen supersunt ;
 Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,
 Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

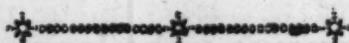
N Y M P H. F O N T.

NYMPHÆ, fonticolæ nymphæ, quæ gurgitis
hujus

Æternùm roseo tunditis ima pede :

Lyfimachum servate ! sub alta maxima pinu

Numinibus posuit qui simulacra tuis.



SUB IMAGINE PANIS RUDI LAPIDE.

HIC stans vertice montium supremo

Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus

Cerno desuper, uberemque sylvam.

Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ

Te desiderium capit, roganti

Non totum invideo tibi racemum.

Quin si fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,

Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

HOMERI HYMNUS AD PANA.

EN ! tibi, Pan, summi colles, et maxima parent
 Culmina, præcipitesque nivali vertice rupes.
 Tu pater, incedens virgulta per avia, mentem
 Oblectas lapsu fluviorum lenè cadentùm.
 Sive errare velis per vasta cacumina, magni
 Unde procul patuère greges, atque otia dia
 Pastorum ; capreasve agites indagine densâ,
 Seu redeas squallens variarum cæde ferarum.
 At simul ex alto subluxit vesper Olympo,
 Tale melos suavi diffundis arundine, quale
 Non, Philomela, facis, quoties frondentibus umbris
 Abdita, vere novo, intêgras miserabile carmen.
 Continuo properant faciles in carmina Nymphæ,
 Instaurentque choros ; saltantibus adsonat Echo.
 In medio Deus ipse inflexos orbibus orbes
 Insequitur, quatiens maculosæ tegmine lyncis :
 Sub pedibusque croci crescunt, dulcesque hyacinthi,
 Floribus et variis viridis distinguitur herba.

Intereà cecinêre Deûm primordia prisca :

At primùm dixêre, ut, Divûm nuntius HERMES

Venerit Arcadiæ fines, pecorisque feraces

Formosi campos, et prata recentia rivis.

Quà nunc illi aræ, quà stant Cyllenia templa.

Illic, divino licèt ingens esset honore,

Pavit oves, nam jussit amor ; votisque potitus

Egregiam Dryopen in vincla jugalia duxit.

Nascitur hinc proles visu miranda, bicornis

Capripes ; ipsa novo nutrix exterrita fœtu

Restitit, hirsutique infantem corporis horrens.

At pater exultans villosâ pelle revinctum

Montani leporis puerum, fulgentibus astris

Intulit, et solium Jovis ad sublime locavit.

Excipiunt plausu Superi ; subrisit Iâcchus

Purpureo vultu, et puerum PAN nomine dixit.

EX POEMATE DE VOLUPTATIBUS
FACULTATIS IMAGINATRICIS*.

———O Progenies pulcherrima cœli!
 Quo tibi succorum tractu, calamique labore,
 Divinos ducam vultus, cœlestiaque ora?
 Unde legam qui, Diva, tuis certare colores
 Purpurei possint, discrimina dædala fuci?
 Ergo age, Musa, vago cursu per maxima mundi
 I spatia; et quicquid formosi florida tellus,
 Quicquid habent maria, et cœli spirabile lumen,
 Delibes; quicquid nitidum natura recondit
 Dives opum variarum, in amabile, Musa, fideli
 Confer opus studio. Seu liberioribus alis
 Vin', comite AUTUMNO, per fortunata volare
 Hesperidûm nemora, et dias Atlantidos oras,
 Dum quacunque Pater fœcundo pollice lucum
 Fœlicem contingit, opacis gratia ramis

* The Pleasures of Imagination, b. i.

Fit nova, et auricomo fulsêrunt vimina fœtu :
 Quâcunque incescit per ditia rura, renident
 Undique maturo subiti livore racemi ;
 Apricosque recens infecit purpura colles,
 Quales occiduo nubes quæ sole coruscant.
 Sive errare velis, rigua convalle, per umbras
 Daphnes dilectas, Penéus gurgite leni
 Quà fluit, ostentatque reflexam e flumine Tempe
 Purpuream vitreo ;—Tempe ! quà, numina sylvis
 Nota olim, Fauni Nymphæque, per aurea prisci
 Sæcula Saturni, secreto in margine ripæ
 Frondiferæ, socio ducebant Pane choreas
 Multiplices. At saltantum vestigia propter,
 Horasque, Zephyrosque almos, udo imbre, videres
 Certatim ambrosios rores, et odoriferum thus,
 Depluere, Elysioque rubent quicunque colores *.

* Lib. i. Ver. 280, et seq.

EX POEMATE DE RATIONE
SALUTIS CONSERVANDÆ*.

ERGO agite, O Nymphæ, integros ostendite
fontes;

Egelidasque domos, rigui penetralia regni,

Näiades aperite! per avia tesqua vagari,

Vobis nota, aveo: videor resonantia saxis

Flumina præruptis, scatebrasque audire reclusas.

Sanctâ perculsus mentem formidine, rupes

Prospicio, quâ vorticibus spumantibus amnes

Insignes micuêre, antiquo carmine clari.

Ante omnes, ingens, scopulis plangentibus, exit

NILUS; at iratis properat violentior undis

Hinc PADUS; inde jugis EUPHRATES Oceano par

Volvitur umbriferis, Orientemque irrigat omnem.

At secum, sævoque procul resupinus in antro,

Squallentem TANAIS diffudit barbarus urnam.

* The Art of preserving Health, b. 2.

Quantis sub tenebris, quam vastis obruta filvis
 Undique, conduntur fluviorum exordia prima
 Nobilium ! Ergo animum permixta horrore voluptas
 Percipit, et sacro correpunt ossa pavore :
 Et magis atque magis, dirâ formidine circum
 Frondiferi horrescunt luci, ramisque patescit
 Altius, et majori atrum nemus accubat umbrâ.
 Dicite, num Lemurûm regio stat finibus istis
 Abdita ? quænam hæc ignoti pomæria mundi ?
 Qui populi ? Quæve arva viris exercita ? siquæ
 Talia trans deserta supersint arva colenda.
 O ubi camporum tam nigris faucibus antrum
 Porrigitur ! Tanto specus ille immanis hiatu
 Fertur in informem Phlegethonta, an amœna vireta
 Fortunatorum nemorum ? per opaca locorum
 Ducite vos, dubiosque pedes firmetis eunti :
 Munera vestra cano ; nam jussit talia Pæon,
 Talia, diva Salus ; et versu pandere conor,
 Quid lymphâ liquido fierive potest elemento ;
 Quo nihil utilius mundi fert dædala moles.

Mirus quippe latex it mobilis undique ; gemmis
 Lumine dat radiare vago ; dat quercubus altis
 Sævas indignari hyemes, et temnere ventos ;
 Dat scintillanti tenuissima spicula vino :
 Et vehit et generat speciei alimenta cūique,
 Et vitam, seu quæ spirabilis ætheris aurâ
 Vescitur, irriguisse virescit florida campis *.

* Lib. ii. Ver 352, & seq.

PINDARI PYTHIC. I.

HIERONI ÆTNÆO SYRACUSIO CURRU VICT.

TESTUDO filis apta nitentibus,
 Quam ritè servat Pieridum chorus,
 Tu cantilenam, tu sequaces
 Egregiâ regis arte gressus!
 Perculsa plectro leniter aureo
 Pronum corusci fulminis impetum
 Tu sistis, æternæque flammæ
 Præcipites moderaris ictus,
 Alis relapsis, fusa Jovis super
 Sceptro, volucris regia sternitur
 Sopore prædulci, carentque
 Rostra minis, oculique flammis,
 Quin Mars reponens aspera spicula,
 Post pulverem certaminis ardui,
 Oblectat, O Phœbea proles,
 Corda tuo truculenta cantu.

At quos benigno numine Jupiter

Non vidit, illos, carminis audiant

Siquando divini levamen,

Horror agit pavidusque luctus :

Qualis TYRHÆVS, sub barathro jacens

Imo, supremis improba centiceps

Quod bella Divis intulisset

Æmonio genitus sub antro.

Quem nunc ligatum CUMA cubat super,

Pectusque fetis comprimit horridum

Columna cœli, quæ perenni

Stat glacie, nivis ÆTNA nutrix :

Et nunc procellas evomit igneas,

Fumosque, misto turbine, belluâ

Vulcani et horrendum rubescunt

Nocte procul jaculata faxa :

Immane dictu prodigium ! Mare

Siquis propinquum transeat, ut Typhos

Ætnæ sub antris illigetur,

Difficilique fremat cubili !

Hoc me solutum crimine fac, Pater,

Cui paret Ætnæ frondeus ambitus,

Frons fertilis telluris, ingens

Urbs titulos tulit unde magnos ;

Quà nuntiatum est quale Hiero ederet

Certamen, acres victor agens equos,

Quantusque succussis, rotarum

e/ Arbitur, institerit quadrigis *.

• Ad Antiſtr. ii.

IN HORTO SCRIPT.

VOS O quæ fociis plicata ramis
 Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,
 Horti deliciæ, decusque parvi !
 Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas
 Fragrantes medio strepit sub æstu,
 Fraternis tueamini magistrum
 Vos sub frondibus, Attici leporis
 Auctores Latiive lætitantem ;
 Lustrantemve oculo licentiori
 Colles oppositos, aprica rura,
 Late undantibus obritos aristis,
 Tectosque aeriis superne fagis.

E P I T A P H I U M.

CONJUX chara vale ! tibi Maritus

Hoc pono memori manu sepulcrum :

At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,

Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde,

Quàm constans, animo neque impotente,

Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,

Me spectans placidis supremum ocellis !

Quod si pro meritis vel ipse flerem,

Quo fletu tua te relicta proles,

Proles parvula, rite prosequetur,

Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem ?

At quorsum lacrymæ ? Valeto raræ

Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna !

APUD HORTUM JUCUNDISSIMUM
WINTONIÆ.

SI qua est gratia rivuli perennis,
 Ripas qui properat loquax per udas;
 Si quis gramineo nitor vireto,
 Rasive in spatiis quid est amœni;
 Aut siquod, fruticum tenellulorum,
 Raris fasciculis et hinc et inde
 Frondentum, tenues brevesque sylvæ,
 Possint pandere dædali coloris;
 Quin, si floribus, angulos per omnes,
 Quod dulcedinis est sine arte sparsis;
 Cum crebris saluberrimis et herbis;
 Hunc, hospes, lepidum putabis hortum.
 At nec deliciæ, licet suâves,
 Tales te poterint diù tenere,
 Quin mirabere, quæ micant utrinque
 Tecta ingentia, maximumque templum,

Antiquumque larem decus camœnis:
 Hac dum prospicias, jûgi sacratî
 Sub clivo ancipiti, domus superbæ
 Olim, fragmina vasta, dirutasque
 Arces; ah memor, hospes, esto, ut ipsæ,
 Quas nunc egregio vides decoras
 Cultu, et magnificas, utrinque moles,
 Mox traxisse queant parem ruinam,
 Et musco jaceant situque plenæ;
 Quamvis utraque Wiccamus beatus
 Diti fecerit auxeritque sumtû,
 Te, Phœbi domus alma; teque templum,
 Centum surgere jusserit columnis.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Page 271, in note, for *portas* read *poetas*.

272, line 3, for *traherit* read *traheret*.

276, line 11, for *quatisque* read *qualisque*.

288, line 8, for *arbitur* read *arbiter*.

E. R. A. T. A.

Page 271, in note for further read further.
272, line 2, for further read further.
276, line 1, for further read further.
288, line 2, for further read further.

